THE

SIEGE OF ISMAIL:

OR,

A PROSPECT OF WAR.

AN

HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

WITH A PREFACE, ARGUMENT,

AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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1794.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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ARGUMENT.

TAKEN FROM THE NEW ANNUAL REGISTER, FOR 1791.

THE laſt act of this protracted campaign did not redound to the honour of Ruſſia; and evinces that whatever ſteps may have been taken by the preſent, or other, ſovereigns of this empire to produce a forced civilization, both the monarch and the people of Ruſſia are ſtill barbarians. The reader will eaſily perceive that the taking of Iſmail is alluded to in this reflection. The progreſs of the Ruſſians during the whole of the war, was, indeed, marked with blood and cruelty; but all their former executions were exceeded by the horror of their proceedings at Iſmail. This place had been fortified during the late war, and, previous to the ſiege, had been re-inforced by the flower of the Turkiſh army. On the 22nd of December 1790, it was taken by ſtorm by General Suwarrow; and it is ſaid that the ſiege and the capture did not coſt the Ruſſians leſs than 10,000 men. The moſt ſhocking part of the tranſaction is that the garriſon, whoſe bravery merited, and would have received, from a generous foe, the higheſt honours, were maſſacred in cold blood by the mercileſs Ruſſians, to the amount of, by their own account, upwards of thirty thouſand men; and the place was given up to the unreſtrained fury of the brutal ſoldiery. The moſt horrid outrages were perpetrated on the defenceleſs inhabitants; and the conduct of the conquerors was more that of a horde of cannibals than of a civiliſed people. After this bloody ſcene, the Ruſſians went into winter quarters; the vizer retired towards Conſtantinople, and, on his return, fell a ſacrifice to the ſanguinary policy which has long diſgraced the Ottoman counſels.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

OSMAN, Seraſkier, or Commander of the Turkiſh garriſon in ISMAIL.
SUWARROW, Commander of the Ruſſians.
LENNOX, an Engliſhman, ſerving in the Turkiſh garriſon.
ELLIOT, an Engliſhman, ſerving with the Ruſſians.
ALVINZY, a Pole, ſerving with the Ruſſians.
LA FARE, a Frenchman, ſerving with the Turks.
HEMED EFFENDI.
ALCAIDE.
ACHMET.
ALI.
SAIDI, Slave to OSMAN.
HERMAN, Chief of the Coſſacs.
WILLIAM, Servant to LENNOX.
COSSAES, a Turkiſh Priſoner.
Turkiſh Inhabitants of ISMAIL.

WOMEN.

ZULIMA, daughter to OSMAN.
THEODORA, a Chriſtian Captive,
Turkiſh Women.

PREFACE.

I SHALL ſpare the critical reader ſome unneceſſary trouble, and myſelf ſome unmerited cenſure, by this preliminary obſervation; that although I have ventured to call the work, comprized in the following pages, an HISTORICAL DRAMA, I do not conſider it as a regular tragedy, but, merely, as a moral poem in dialogue. I neither ſeek for praiſe nor emolument to myſelf, I merely endeavour to inculcate a pacific leſſon, which at this particular time is, in my opinion, highly ſeaſonable. If the candid reader allows me the merit of a good intention, I have obtained my moſt ſanguine wiſh; and ſhall freely make the ſevere critic a preſent of my poetical pretenſions.

I AM ſenſible, that many of the ſpeeches in this poem, are too long and declamatory: and, as a play, it is cenſurable for being embarraſſed with per-

ſonages, that are unneceſſary to the fable; and ſcenes, that do not forward the cataſtrophe; but I truſt I ſhall be forgiven, when I candidly own that I am conſcious of theſe defects, and profeſs that I do not write for the ſtage; but, on the contrary, deprecate any theatrical exhibition of my performances. The length and declamatory caſt of many of the ſpeeches muſt be attributed to an anxious deſire of impreſſing my moral: and a ſolicitude to exhibit my ſubject matter, in as many various lights as poſſible, unavoidably betrayed me into the introduction of ſome redundant characters and ſuperfluous ſcenes.

THE ſiege and capture of the ſtrong fortreſs of ISMAIL, after a moſt obſtinate defence by the garriſon, and the fate of the brave troops, who defended that place, are events, which muſt ever live in the page of hiſtory, and fill the reader with terror and abhorrence of the Ruſſian name. It was, indeed, an execution that, for its ferocious barbarity, equals, if not exceeds, any thing that we find recorded among the crimes and cruelties that conſtitute the military hiſtory of mankind.

AT this time, when Ruſſia interferes ſo much in the politics of Europe, ſuch a tranſaction, as the capture of ISMAIL, with its attendant circumſtances,

deſerves to be recalled to view, and attentively conſidered, as expreſſive of the Ruſſian character, and furniſhing a criterion of the temper and diſpoſition of that encroaching power, which ſo widely diffuſes her ſway, and may ſhortly menace the tranquillity and freedom of Europe.—The BUTCHERS of ISMAIL ſeem marked out by heaven to become the MODERATORS of POLAND.

AT this moment, a ſpectacle aſtoniſhing and reproachful to the reſt of Europe is exhibited by the criminal and inordinate ambition of this domineering Potentate. We behold, and ſeem to behold without feeling, an amiable and patriotic king, plunged in the depths of miſery and humiliation, ſtript of his dominions, puniſhed for his very virtues, plundered of his revenues, a priſoner in his own palace, hourly expoſed to captivity, exile, or aſſaſſination;—and a gallant and virtuous people ſwallowed up and enſlaved, without the ſmalleſt provocation on their part, except, that they wiſhed to be happy, and attempted to reform their laws; or the fainteſt colour of juſtice on the part of their oppreſſors, except, that the poſſeſſion of ſome part of the territory of this unoffending people ſeemed to be an inviting object, and that the Poles were too feeble to reſiſt them. Not a mouth has been opened, not an hand extended to prevent a

tranſaction ſo diſgraceful to civil ſociety; and in this drama of outrage and iniquity the captor of ISMAIL is a diſtinguiſhed actor.

WHAT may be the cauſes, that ſtifle the natural feelings of Engliſhmen, and make them unconcerned ſpectators of a tranſaction ſo fit to rouſe the brave, the virtuous, the humane, and free; what renders the Britiſh cabinet ſupine, and by that ſupineneſs, in ſome degree, acceſſary to a tranſaction that violates the regal character, infringes on the faith of nations, and ſhakes the balance of Europe; ſtateſmen will explain, and juſtify if they can. It is not for us, who live remote from the great forges, in which national events are faſhioned to the moment, even to hint our ſuſpicions, we muſt wait for a future day, and the impartial inveſtigation of hiſtoric truth. It ſhould ſeem to vulgar obſervers, that never did there occur a more virtuous, wiſe, or honourable occaſion for war. Nay, war did not ſeem inevitable; England might have ſaved Poland, without expending a drop of blood.—Was Poland divided at Pilnitz. Surely, if Europe could boaſt a Guſtavus Adolphus in theſe times, ſuch things had not been.

THE great object of poetry ſhould be to illuſtrate ſome moral truth, to inculcate ſome virtuous precept,

or awaken ſome praiſe-worthy feeling. What precepts can be ſo timely at this juncture, as thoſe of meekneſs and benevolence? What feelings ſo proper, to temper the pride of conqueſt and the thirſt of blood, as thoſe of mercy and humanity? It occurred to me, that I might impreſs on the mind of my reader ſome uſeful and ſeaſonable truths, and excite in his mind ſome tender ſympathies, by turning his attention to the capture of ISMAIL.

THE fall of ISMAIL, with the ſlaughter of its brave and numerous garriſon, and the dreadful ſufferings of its unoffending inhabitants, form, in themſelves, a picture highly affecting to every mind, and at all times. But, it may be contemplated with peculiar advantage at this moment: it is a ſtriking example of the miſeries incident to war, a warning ſpectacle of what belligerent powers may endure, or, of the exceſſes of cruelty into which they may be hurried, by the reſentment of oppoſition and the fury of conqueſt. Even the mildeſt nature may become ferocious, the ſofteſt heart may be hardened in the hurried and eventful hour of conflict and of peril. Every eſſay that would recall us to ourſelves, and enforce the tender pleadings of humanity, however weak and feeble in its execution muſt, ſurely, have ſome merit, in its intentions.

How inconſiſtent with themſelves are many, who would be thought to poſſeſs tenderneſs of nature and all the finer feelings of humanity! they liſten, with compaſſion and horror, to the details of a murder; they ſympathize with the ſufferers by domeſtic calamities, robbery, and conflagration; yet they read, without remorſe, the heart-rending details of a buſy campaign; their boſoms are ſettled againſt the ſufferings of their fellow creatures expoſed to ſimilar calamities in the wide and indiſcriminate ravages of war. When we read of quarter being refuſed to the vanquiſhed, or by them; of a village burned, or a town given up to be pillaged, by the ſoldiery, we paſs theſe things over with *ſang froid*; we conſider them as ſome of the neceſſary conſequences; the quotidian and ſubordinate operations of war: nay, I am afraid, we rejoice if the agents in theſe tragedies happen to be our friends and allies; without reflecting that ſuch military executions include in them murder, conflagration,—robbery, and every crime that can degrade human nature, and every calamity that can embitter human ſociety.

THE progreſs of war is marked by devaſtation and calamity. We read the diſaſtrous detail, with exultation, at leaſt without regret, becauſe the ſufferers

are our enemies. What means the term ENEMIES, ſo inconſiderably employed and ſo very prevalent to harden our hearts? Does it denote, of neceſſity, perſons who have injured, inſulted, or even wiſh us ill? By no means.—Enemies commonly ſignify in the political vocabulary, near neighbours, or elſe, perſons who poſſeſs ſome advantages of nature or art which we want, and, therefore, think ourſelves authoriſed to exterminate, with fire and ſword, the poſſeſſors of ſuch advantages—whoſe good fortune offends us: but the grounds of political enmities are not always ſo obvious and palpable. The cauſe of war, and conſequent enmity, between nations is frequently ſome captious verbal ſubtlety, ſome nice metaphyſical refinements, or ſome abſtruſe political ſpeculation, in which the individuals of the belligerent nations are in no wiſe intereſted as individuals. Many of them who compoſe an army are wholly ignorant of the cauſe for which they fight; and, moſt probably, were it communicated to them, they could not comprehend it. How many millions have fought and bled to maintain the balance?—How many of thoſe champions who covered the face of the earth with armies, and manured it with their gore, underſtood the meaning of the term? And the experience of the preſent age ſhews how vainly they fought and how unneceſſarily

they died; for this dear-bought balance ſeems at preſent to be exploded, as viſionary or uſeleſs. How many gallant ſoldiers periſhed, how many valuable citizens were loſt to their country, to aſcertain the boundaries of untrod ſwamps and pathleſs foreſts in the wilds of America! and what were the fruits of a conteſt that convulſed the whole known world? The bounds were aſcertained, and the Americans, who alone were really intereſted in this expenſive and ſanguinary diſpute, ſeparated themſelves from the parent country. To take an inſtance from the tranſactions of the preſent moment: the Ruſſians and Pruſſians are now ſuch good friends of the Poles that they aſſiſt at their diets, moderate their debates, and tranquillize their proceedings by the philoſophical and weighty interference of grenadiers and cannon. But, ſhould the Poles have been mad enough to reſiſt their kind and powerful neighbours in the benevolent and diſintereſted plan of aſcertaining the true limits of their territory; then, the Poles would have become the enemies of the Ruſſians and Pruſſians, that is to ſay, the reſpective cabinets of theſe ſtates would have found it neceſſary to reſort to arms, for the accompliſhment of their plans, and their ſubjects would immediately have found themſelves impelled, without knowing why, to regard the unfor-

tunate Poles with animoſity, and to waſte their country with fire and ſword. Thus, we ſee that the grounds of enmity between nations are often ſlight, often abſtruſe and inexplicable, and that the majority of a people at war, may poſſibly be perfectly ignorant of the true motives and cauſes that involve them in the conteſt. This ſhould teach individuals of the nation, which unfortunately becomes an actor in the eventful drama of warfare, to think and ſpeak with moderation, to diſtinguiſh between the patriot and the partiſan, and to beware of embittering their minds, with ſanguinary diſpoſitions, or too large a portion of the public animoſity.

When we rejoice at the miſchief which is done in an enemy's country, we ſhould enquire who are the principal ſufferers on ſuch occaſions; it may perhaps check our exultation, when we reflect that the chief calamities, the moſt acute and agonizing diſtreſſes, when a country is waſted with fire and ſword, fall, not on the ſoldier in arms, though he, God knows, has his ſhare; but on the induſtrious, the peaceable, and the innocent; on the merchant, the mechanic, and the huſbandman; on the tender ſex, on infancy, and on age.

We are ſtruck with abhorrence of the ſanguinary exceſſes and ferocious ſpirit of the French nation.

Their priſons overflowed with noble and innocent blood, and their unfortunate monarch conducted to ignominious death on a ſcaffold!—Who will dare to avow himſelf the advocate of ſuch enormities?—But the French are in the hands of that God, whoſe eye is over all his creatures, and who may make the very worſt of them his inſtruments for ends unknown to ſhort-ſighted man. I cannot find by what peculiar diſpenſation of God's providence, or revelation of his divine will, we have been called upon to aſſume the functions of heavenly vengeance, and to become at once the judges and executioners of the French people. We condemn with a juſt abhorrence the ſanguinary ſpirit, the rebellious diſpoſition, and general impiety that prevail in France; the unhappy nation has faults enough to expiate, but let thoſe *that are without ſin caſt the firſt ſtone.* Before we ſet about humanizing a ferocious people by fire and ſword, and preaching the goſpel of Chriſt to deiſts and atheiſts at the point of the bayonet, let us turn our eyes inward, and try whether we cannot find ſubjects of cenſure and of reformation in ourſelves.

We all remember the riots in London; they were ſuppreſſed by the vigorous and fortunate exertions of the executive power; but what were the general fears,

and how fatally might they have been realiſed, in a national bankruptcy, the ſubverſion of government, and total extinction of civil order!—Now, ſuppoſing thoſe dreadful conſequences had taken place, would the French people have been commendable, or juſtifiable, in declaring war againſt us at that juncture. And yet, they might have alleged pretences; abhorrence of our criminal exceſſes, anxiety to repreſs the ſeditious contagion, or a pure and diſintereſted wiſh to reſtore order, and reform the national character.—Might they not have repreſented us as a turbulent and dangerous people; as apoſtles of outrage and innovation, whoſe deſtruction alone could ſecure the peace of Europe?

We reprobate the French as an impious crew, who have renounced all the ties of religion; and, certainly, the charge is well-founded, the body of that nation ſeem to be deiſts and atheiſts;—the *haut ton* among their leaders, who, unfortunately for the country, have been, in general, metaphyſicians and philoſophers, as they thought proper to call themſelves, is irreligion; the ſabbath is profaned; religion and its miniſters are treated with contempt, and even the exiſtence of a God is indecently and wantonly queſtioned by leading orators in their harangues; but are we to wage war with France on this account? I had been taught to

thank my God, that cruſades and religious wars had ceaſed upon earth. I am no advocate for impiety or infidelity; but ſhall we dare to call ourſelves religious? Shall we proudly ſtand forward the champions of Chriſtianity whilſt we ſhow ourſelves deſtitute of that ſpirit which marks the religion of Chriſt? Are empty words more hateful to the Almighty than deeds?—No ſurely. And if we profeſs a religion, yet ſhow ourſelves regardleſs of its precepts, we live a practical blaſphemy againſt the Author of that religion.

THE great object of Chriſtianity is the happineſs of man; its ſpirit is the ſpirit of meekneſs and benevolence; its law is the law of love; "SEEK PEACE AND ENSURE IT," is the precept of the Holy Scripture. When the Author of our religion came upon earth in human form, the ſong of cherubims was "GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH, ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN." This plainly ſhows, that *peace and good-will towards men*, are inſeparably connected with *glory to God on high*. How then ſhall we preſume to declaim againſt irreligion, whilſt we ourſelves are poſſeſſed with unchriſtian rage, and the cruel ſpirit of war and extermination? Are we not equally devoid of true religion with thoſe whom we proſcribe?

I HAVE frequently lamented within myſelf that the tragic drama is not rendered as uſeful as it might be,

were it uniformly directed towards an illuſtration of the great natural and civil duties of man. Moral and political precepts would thus come with more force and ſpirit, exemplified by concomitant action, and uttered by ſome perſonage to whoſe mind they ſeem to be properly ſuggeſted on the ſpur of the occaſion. I find myſelf corroborated in this opinion by an obſervation of the ingenious Riccobini, "that the tragedy of the Greeks had two aims; the firſt was that of tragedy in general, to correct the paſſions of man in the abſtract; the ſecond was that peculiar to the tragic poet—to correct ſtateſmen and kings by political leſſons applicable to particular incidents. Euripides, for inſtance, "proceeds he" in his tragedy of Palamedes, who ſunk under the perſecution of Ulyſſes, endeavoured to make the Athenians ſenſible of their injuſtice towards Socrates, who fell the victim of calumny and malice."*

It is true, that almoſt every tragedy has a moral; but, in general, that moral is very looſely connected with the ſtory, and very feebly impreſſed, either by the dialogue or incidents, on the mind of the reader. My meaning, in the foregoing obſervation, is, that the drama ſhould not only have a moral, but that morality ſhould

* Hiſtoire de Theatre Italien, vol. 1, page 256.

be its predominant feature;—not a vague unappropriated morality, reſting in general ſentences; but a morality coming home to mens' buſineſs and boſoms, adapted to particular ſeaſons, and pointed to particular emergencies. I have made two feeble attempts at carrying this principle into dramatic compoſition. In the Tragedy of DEMOCRATIC RAGE, I have endeavoured to exemplify the abuſes of liberty—and the dangers attending a chimerical and intemperate ſpirit of reform; political moderation, love of order, horror of anarchy, loyalty to the eſtabliſhed government, are the leſſons inculcated by that production. I flatter myſelf I have not laboured in vain. My work was univerſally read at a time when there was no ſmall ferment in the public mind; and I have the vanity to think, it may have proved an humble means of exciting loyal diſpoſitions, and diffuſing moderate and ſober principles.

IN the SIEGE OF ISMAIL, I have attempted to depict the crimes and calamities of war, and thereby to awaken a compaſſionate and merciful ſpirit. "SEEK PEACE AND ENSUE IT," is the precept illuſtrated in this poem; a precept which one might hope, would not require much labour to impreſs it on the minds of rational beings; and yet——

AND here I beg it may be obſerved, that I dwell in generals, without intending any alluſion to particular

meaſures. No perſon is, or can be, more anxious than I am for the glory of the Britiſh name, the proſperity of the Britiſh Empire, and the permanency of our preſent happy Eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate; and therefore it is, I profeſs myſelf the advocate of peace. I enter not into the views of any man or ſet of men; I am eſtranged from political ſtudies and purſuits, I belong not to any party, and I abhor the character of a partiſan; but I do ſay, and I truſt I may ſay it without offence, that war is the ſcourge of human kind; that it is moſt ſeriouſly and earneſtly to be deprecated and deplored, by every feeling ſpirit, and every good citizen, and that every wiſe and virtuous miniſter, will endeavour to avert, if poſſible, the calamitous viſitation of war; and that if he ſhould be fruſtrated in his pacific endeavours, he will make it his next object to ſhorten its continuance. Perhaps the time is not far diſtant, when we ſhall add this to the other praiſes of one of the ableſt miniſters that ever aſſiſted in the Britiſh councils.

Claudentur belli porta: furor impius intus,
Sava ſedens ſuper arma, & centum vinctus ænis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.

VIRGIL ÆN. 1. l. 294.

SUBSEQUENT to the writing of the preceding paragraphs, an event has taken place by which the French people ſeem to have nearly reached the pinnacle of barbarity, the murder of a woman not leſs illuſtrious by her misfortunes than by her deſcent and ſtation, the beautiful, the adored, and the unhappy, MARIE ANTOINETTE! While we remark an aſtoniſhing reſemblance between this ill-fated princeſs, and Mary, Queen of Scots, in their characters and tempers, their beauty, their talents, and accompliſhments, their faults, their misfortunes, and death, we muſt behold, with horror and execration, acts of cruelty, not only unneceſſary, but, as it ſhould ſeem impolitic, in the French nation, and rendered ſtill more criminal, by the atrocious circumſtances of the manner; yet, ſtill, I muſt queſtion the expediency of engaging in an expenſive and cruel War, for the chance of puniſhing the guilt of a numerous, a deſperate, and warlike people; and of making the crimes of France the calamities of England. Perſonal feelings, emotions, or paſſions, even of the moſt laudable kind, ſhould never be ſuffered to mix in public counſels and the tranſactions of nations; where ſuch impaſſioned motives have ſuperſeded the calm voice of policy and the eternal reaſon of ſtate, that tender regard

for the common ſafety, which ought to be the ſupreme law, the event has proved diſaſtrous to the nations, which were thus influenced. The French, I repeat it, are in the hands of a juſt God; and by what peculiar revelation of the divine will, by what commiſſion from on high, are we delegated to launch his thunders and apportion his inflictions?

WHILE we reprobate the conduct of the French, we ſhould obſerve, that they have been driven into the commiſſion of many of their crimes by the very wars, which have been waged, for the purpoſe, either real or profeſt, of puniſhing or preventing crimes.* Their ſpirits are hardened alike to ſuffer and to inflict. Reprobated, execrated, and purſued even to extermination, by almoſt every power of Europe, they are now tranſported into a madneſs of ferocity, like a ſavage beaſt chaſed to the toils, that loſes all ſenſe of danger, and recoils on his hunters.

THE chief actors in thoſe cruel tragedies have contrived ſo to implicate the great body of the people in their guilt, ſo to intoxicate the populace

* The Duke of Brunſwick's manifeſto produced the death of the King, the ſecond campaign that of the Queen, a third campaign will probably occaſion the murder of the Dauphin.

with copious draughts of blood, that the hatred of monarchy and nobility ſeems more and more confirmed and outrageous; and the proſpect of pacification more and more diſtant. Their popular leaders have put the French people in the ſituation, which was ſo ſtrongly felt by Macbeth:

> They are in blood
> Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould they wade no more,
> Returning, were as tedious as go o'er.

THE tragical death of the Queen of France is the ſtrongeſt manifeſtation of a determined reſolution to periſh rather than admit the re-eſtabliſhment of a King; and it is, now, plain, that the ſweeping hand of deſolation, alone, making a deſert and calling it peace, will tranquillize France under a regal form of government.

THE hand of every man is now againſt the French, and their hand is againſt every man. Suppoſe their deſpair ſhould lend them reſources, and they ſhould ſucceed; and, in the event of a long and murderous conteſt, eſtabliſh their independence. We then ſhall ſee and feel, perhaps, too ſenſibly, how fatally we were hurried away, by abhorrence of their crimes, to at-

tempt their annihilation. What will be the conſequence?—The giant form of a republic, ſtained with blood, and deformed with wounds, will ſtand renewed, by its fall, in ſavage ſtrength and unextinguiſhable ferocity; and we ſhall behold the moſt daring, fierce, and formidable, people, that ever appeared upon earth. All the former poliſh, that diſtinguiſhed France among nations, will be ſtained by the bloody graſp of foreign and domeſtic war; her people are naturally impetuous, proud, and ſanguinary; the mild exterior, and forms of ſocial intercourſe, that heretofore gloſſed over theſe qualities, are rapidly diſappearing, and we ſhall ſee Frenchmen unſophiſticated and as they truly are. Every perſonage or inſtitution, mild, moderate and reſpectable, will be driven from among them by the convulſions of the country; calamity and want will have baniſhed, from among them, luxury and its arts. Inſpired, by ſufferings paſt, with incurable enmity and reſentment, vengeance will give the ſemblance of juſtice to ambition. Their country, preſenting on every hand the memorials and monuments of invaſion, of miſery, of cruel ravage, and indelible devaſtation, will furniſh them, for centuries, with incentives to deeds of hoſtility and retaliation. Trained in the ſchool of adverſity, to ſuf-

fer and to dare, formed in a long courſe of warfare to acts of heroic fortitude, and conſummate maſtery in arms, the French muſt ceaſe to be a nation, or will now exiſt to be the terror of Europe, and, more peculiarly, the terror of their milder and more opulent neighbours, who will then mourn, too late, that they combined to ſtrip the maſk, from the French people; and drove them to know and develope their native character.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Walk on the Ramparts of Iſmail.

Enter LENNOX and LA FARE.

Lennox.

OH truce, ye pealing thunders. Shall weak man,
The creature of a moment, emulate
The vaſt tremendous works, his maker's hand
Reſerves for wonder and for chaſtiſement?
For what are volley'd light'nings? earthquakes what
Or the volcano's fuel'd womb, up-borne
In fiery ſhower, compar'd with this fell din,
This horrid ſhower of death, that ſhakes the ground
With direful bellowing, and inceſſant rains
On theſe devoted walls?

La Fa. The globes of fire,
That fill the groaning ſky, have levell'd round
Each ſeat of man, and all the ſmoaking land

Preſents an hideous, formleſs, deſolation.
See, in the ruddy glare that fills the heav'n,
Scarce ſeen, the moon is faded. From the Danube,
Glares the red light of burning villages,
Reflected dreadful.

Len. In the hoſtile camp,
Reſounds a ſtir unuſual. Sure, the foe
Prepares for ſtorm, and ſhould his arms prevail,
What more than ſavage ſcenes? What butchery
And brutal outrage! For the barbarous hordes,
To human meltings loſt and generous pity,
That, ev'n 'midſt enemies, in this mild age,
Smooth the ſtern front of war, and mitigate
The horrors of that ſcourge of human kind,
How will they rouſe their cohorts to the feaſt
Of blood and vengeance!

La Fa. Intercourſe with man—
The charms of ſweet ſociety, and beams
Of lib'ral ſcience, ſhining on the ſoul,
Can boaſt no influence here, a tranſient beam
Sometimes illumines, but can ne'er ſubdue
The dull, cold, maſs of ſluggiſh cruelty.

Len. Ferocious, torpid, obſtinate, obdurate,
Unfeeling, whether they inflict or bear,
Fit engines of oppreſſion, on they move,
Unqualified obedience! juſt, unjuſt,
Wanton, or neceſſary, they queſtion not,

They reaſon not; but their denſe phalanx rolls
Slow and reſiſtleſs, with deſtruction fraught,
Like ſome machine of war, by ſkilful hands
Organiz'd and impell'd.

La Fa. And will the pow'rs
Gentle and civiliz'd, the friends of man,
Remain ſupine, and ſee this warping cloud
Of barb'rous myriads, ſwarming from the north,
O'er the delicious ſouth?

Len. Yes, they will guard
That ſacred balance, by the pow'rs of Europe,
As their palladium, priz'd. For this, of old,
Ev'n in the zenith of his power and pride,
They ſmote aſpiring Auſtria.

La Fa. May this power
Stand check'd—may Pruſſia's eagle ſhake her plumes,
And, perch'd on Albion's chalky cliffs, awake
The britiſh lion*, with her warlike cries,
Their pow'r ſhall tame the fury of the north.
Ambitious Catherine whoſe imperious ſoul
Burſts forth tremendous, to diſturb the peace
Of Europe; ſhe with all the fire of youth,
In age advanc'd, and maſculine ambition
Within a female boſom, graſps the reins
Of univerſal ſway.

* Alludes to the warlike movements made by Pruſſia and Great Britain, previous to the peace between Ruſſia and the Porte.

Len. But graſps in vain.
The hardy Swede her dang'rous progreſs marks
With wakeful jealouſy, I ſee him rouſe
Ardent, in freedom's cauſe, awake for fame,
In dangers firm, and unſubdued by toil.
Their proweſs Ruſſia knows ; with grateful awe
Europe has ſeen them pour, from many a rock
And many a flinty cave, their gallant bands,
Spontaneous champions of her liberty.

La Fa. Men are to blame, if deſpots are endur'd,
Like beaſts of prey, to ravage and devour.—
Why ſhould this Catherine vex the peaceful earth ?
Is there no cure for an ambitious fever ?
A cure there is, had we the noble ſtrain
Of roman Brutus, or th' athenian youth*,
That ſmote for freedom, and for freedom died.—
You wonder much to hear a frenchman talk
In this licentious ſtrain ;—but let us wave
Theſe ſad and ſolemn topics.—what haſt thou,
Or what have I, with Cath'rine ? Let her reign
In Moſcow or Byzantium ; 'twill not change
Our fates, for good or ill.—No, let us laugh,
And dance, and ſing, and wear the jocund days.
Leave we the pow'rs, that watch o'er Europe's weal,
To trim the balance, and adjuſt the ſprings,
That move the ſtate machine. Would I were hence !

* Ariſtogiton.

Yet having pour'd my blood to ſerve the Turks,
I like not now to draw my ſtake, tho' honour
Tells me I ſafely may, before the game
Is fairly up.

Len. For me, I ſtand reſolv'd,
To meet th' event, whate'er.

La Fa. We comprehend
What motives chain thee to this fatal ſpot;
Moſt potent ties,— tho' ſoft—our governor
Has a fair daughter; and thy ſubtle ſmoothneſs,
And haply, the neceſſities of ſtate
Make him encroach on turkiſh ceremonial.
Tho' thy affected modeſty would veil
The mighty favour, thou haſt been indulg'd,
With what muſt never feaſt our wiſhful eyes.

Len. Oſman is an enlighten'd ſpirit, read
In modern manners, and throws off, in ſecret,
The bigot Muſſulman.

La Fa. We know it well:
But ſtern and cruel is the turkiſh code,
And ill the Renegado's abject name
Would ſuit a gallant Briton.

Len. Why that taunt?—
Thou little know'ſt.—Not, that I am enſlav'd,
By prieſtly craft, or ſuperſtitious fears.
The pious Muſſulman may find his way
To heav'n like thee, or me. But baſe it were;
And merely ſenſual, as the brutal kind,

Is he, who yields, as vain deſire commands,
His tenets or opinions, where ſupreme
Reaſon alone ſhould ſway. Yet! ſomething here
Bids me abide, and whiſpers I ſhall meet
A glorious death within theſe fated walls.

La Fa. The brave old Oſman comes; more ſolid worth
He bears within him than adorn'd the lives
Of half the ſaints, in rubric characters,
That fill our legends. You two, in diſcourſe
Of deep philoſophy, will wear the hours.
Your ſage diſcuſſions are not to my humour.
I am too ſad already.—I'll repair
To Greville's quarters. There th' enliv'ning dice
Shall make me, for a while, forget the Ruſſians;
Tho' theſe fell meſſengers, with thund'ring voice,
Announce their neighbourhood.

[*Exit* La Fare.

SCENE II.

OSMAN and LENNOX.

Oſm. Illuſtrious Chriſtian,
Thy gen'rous friendſhip and thy courage claims
Fair dealing, at our hands.—'Tis meet, thou know
On what a perilous ground we ſtand. That known,

If thro' free choice, and friendſhip for our cauſe,
Thou ſtill ſhouldſt ſeek to join our deſtiny,
For good or ill;—a glorious doom awaits.

Len. I'll welcome it whate'er, for good or ill.

Oſm. Thou knowſt not what thou ſayſt.—No raſh engagements;
For made, they will conſtrain thy gen'rous ſoul,
Ev'n to thine own perdition; therefore, weigh
Thy purpoſe well. This moment is thine own.
Our holy prophet knows, thy vall'rous arm,
Thy prudent counſels, and thy martial ſkill,
Have hitherto preſerv'd the walls of Iſmail,
For our illuſtrious Selim; yet, depart;
If ſo thine heart inclines thee. 'Twere unjuſt,
By force to hold, who freely join'd our bands;
And baſe, by impoſition to detain,
Unknowing of our ſtate, or veil from thee
Intelligence unwelcome, which reveal'd
Might haſten thy departure.

Len. Noble Oſman,
Thy gen'rous conduct, with an added tie,
Binds me to ſhare thy fate.

Oſm. Be not miſled,
By youthful gallantry; exceſſive oft
In virtuous natures, it tranſports the mind,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon. For the paſt,
Our praiſe and thanks are due; and, for the future,
Thou ſhalt be free as air.—Thy parent land
May claim thy ſword; there may be tender ties—

Filial—fraternal—conjugal to draw thee,
With force reſiſtleſs, homeward. 'Tis but meet
Thou be appriz'd, that, if the fair occaſion
Of wiſh'd return, this moment offers thee,
Elude thy graſp, it ne'er may be regain'd.

Len. Here let me periſh. I ſhall die content.
A glorious death cannot untimely come,
However early ; and with thee conſorted
I ſhall not ſink diſhonour'd.

Oſm. Yet, my heart
Is mov'd with pity for thy hopeful youth.

Len. Behold me reſolute to ſhare thy fate.
Reveal the dreadful tidings.—Yet thy voice
Is needleſs, for theſe meſſengers of death
Sufficiently declare them.

Oſm. Haſt thou learned,
That ere to-morrow's dawn, the ruſſian hoſt
Prepare to ſtorm theſe walls, the key, the bulwark,
Of Stamboul's awful minarets ? Holy prophet,
If now, in fullneſs of appointed time,
The fatal day is come, that bids our creſcent
Fall proſtrate to the croſs ;—o let me cloſe
Theſe eyes in death !—And ſhall the fort of warriors,
Pride of our ſtrength, abaſe her ſtately tow'rs,
In homage to a woman !—Yet I fear,
When I revolve the numbers of the foe,
Their leader's courage.

Len. Doſt thou fear the conflict ?—

Doubtful and dark, indeed, muſt be the proſpect,
If thou doſt fear. Is it not ſtrange that Haſſan,
Knowing our danger, in the ſtreights of Hæmus,
Inactive holds his bands, the choice and prime
Of our brave Janiſaries.

Oſm. Whether fear,
Miſtaken policy, or diſaffection
Holds him inactive; know, his head will pay*
The price of Iſmail loſt; for, to the foe
'Tis Haſſan yields it, who deſerts our force,
Brave tho' it is, oppos'd to ſtrength ſuperior.
This night, new levies join the hoſtile camp.
Impetuous Suwarrow leads them on,
And with the dawn they ſtorm us. Need I tell,
Savage at beſt, outrageous from the loſs,
Of their choice vet'rans, ſhould the foe prevail,
What doom awaits us.

Len. Let us welcome it,
With breaſts reſolv'd. I will not, from thy ſide.
I may not boaſt a merit, not my own,
Of purer motives than inform my heart.
It is not gallantry, nor thirſt of fame,
That binds me to thy ſervice; ſofter ties,
Yet, more prevailing, hold me in this fortreſs
A willing pris'ner.—Thy fair Zulima——

Oſm. Forbear the ſuit, that leads but to denial.

* This actually happened on his return from the campaign.

'Twould grieve my ſpirit, to refuſe thee ought,
Howe'er unfit, for thee to aſk, or me
To grant. Thy preſent aims would derogate,
From thee, and me, alike ; from thee, as Chriſtian,
And me, as Muſſulman.

Len. Shall diff'rent faiths
Divide the ſpirits, that can riſe ſuperior
To ſordid prejudice, and read the laws
Of truth and nature.

Oſm. But, the laws of truth
And nature, may not, always, have their ſway ;
For we, who ſtand as patterns for the crowd,
In place diſtinguiſh'd, ſomething muſt allow,
To rooted prejudices. Well I know,
The Nazarene and ſervant of our prophet,
With even paces may to heav'n advance ;
Yet valiant as thou art, howe'er I prize,
Thy peaceful virtues, and thy graceful form,
Thy manly ſenſe in blooming youth mature;
It may not be—unleſs—aſſume the turban.

Len. Illuſtrious Oſman, tho' thy blameleſs life,
And worth unequall'd with an angel's tongue
Might plead thy prophet's cauſe ; I may not leave
The faith of my forefathers. On this heart,
Engraven live a dying parent's words.
" My child, 'midſt all viciſſitudes of life,
" Three precious objects in thy view retain ;——
" The love of country, honour, and the faith,

" Wherein thou haſt been train'd". His ſpirit fled;
But never ſhall his words.—Thou couldſt not wiſh me,
Gen'rous thyſelf, nor could thy friend endure,
To bear the Renegado's hateful name.

Oſm. No, ſure 'twould grieve my heart, to ſee thy name
Degraded thus. I mourn, that I tranſgreſs'd
Our manners and our law, which, ſure, impoſe
Reſtraints, that ſuit our ſtate and policy.
'Twas, part, a father's vanity, to ſhow
His hidden treaſure; part, a wiſh, to cheer
Thy priſon'd hours, that gave my Zulima
To thy raſh glances.—once more, I entreat
Begone, and leave us,—anxious for thy ſafety,
I have provided means.

Len. No—here I fall.

Oſm. Be not miſled by paſſion; never more
Shalt thou behold my daughter,

Len. Never more!
Say, how have I offended?

Oſm. Hear me, chriſtian.
I cannot praiſe the dictates of our law,
That hold the gentle ſex, in baſe ſubjection,
Like beings diff'rent, of inferior aim,
Devoid of heav'nly ſcience, and all charms
Of grateful converſe, ſuch as we are taught,
Adorn your britiſh females. I have form'd
My hapleſs child, to know the worth of ſex,
And feel the pride of female character.

Something I would diſcover—but my tongue
Is to the theme unequal.—For my child,
I have been provident.—Thou mayſt hereafter—
But hark, my friend, theſe flaming meſſengers
Of wrathful heav'n ! They call me to my poſt.—
That dread exploſion ! And the gloomy cloud,
That fills the ſky !—'Tis ſure the arſenal,
Our chief dependance.—Hark—what ſhrieks and groans,
And cries of deep deſpair ! O holy prophet,
Forgive me, that I here remain at eaſe,
Exempt from danger, whilſt thy true believers,
Thus periſh unreveng'd.—Briton, farewell,
When warlike Achmet, at the weſtern foſſe,
Reſigns the midnight watch, aſſume his poſt.

[*Exit* Oſman.

SCENE III.

LENNOX, *ſolus.*

Merciful God, muſt this exalted man,
Thy nobleſt work, with ev'ry virtue fraught,
Fall undiſtinguiſh'd from the common herd,
That ſwell the heaps of carnage ! War, dread ſtate,

Where feelings, duties, virtues, all ſuſtain
A ſtrange inverſion ! Cruelty becomes,
To mildeſt natures, laudable, and pillage,
An honeſt effort to diſtreſs the foe.
Forgot the dictates of humanity,
The goſpel precepts, and the bleſt example
Of godhead bleeding to preſerve mankind.
All, is revenge and murder—and for what ?
For aims, we know not ; injuries, not ours.
Embattled myriads, puſh'd like vaſt machines,
O'erſpread this earth, and act th' abhorr'd commands
Of vile caprice, or boundleſs thirſt of pow'r,
Sword, peſtilence, and famine ! Soul and frame
Diſeas'd alike, the ſlayer and the ſlain,
In miſery confus'd, are ſwept your prey.

SCENE IV.

Enter, to him, WILLIAM.

Will. A curſe, a curſe, on thoſe inhuman men,
That firſt excited wars—oh ſuch a ſcene !
Len. What new diſtreſs ? Thou haſt a feeling heart ;
And feeling hearts are tried, to th' utmoſt, here.
Will. The ſhow'rs of fiery metal fill the ſky,

And pond'rous globes, with dire combuſtion charg'd,
With ſound tremendous burſt ; and from the craſh
The murd'rous ſplinters flit around like hail.
The habitations ſink, crumbled to duſt,
Beneath th' inceſſant rain of mortal harm.
I ſaw, and ſicken'd, all the ground beſtrown
With bleeding wretches, heads, and mangled limbs ;
Confus'd with beams, and ſtones, and tiles, the fragments,
Of ſhatter'd habitations.

Len. Providence !
Inſcrutable thy ways to ſinful man.

Will I ſaw an ancient man feeble and blind.
The ruins of his dwelling had o'erwhelm'd
His whole poſſeſſions, and his wretched life
Was hardly reſcued ; all aghaſt he fled,
He knew not where, or how ; a beauteous female,
Suſtain'd his darkling ſteps ; two lovely boys
Fairer than morning hung upon his hand,
A girl, yet younger, held the woman's robe,
They ſeem'd her children ; with unequal ſteps
They tried to follow her ; a ſplinter came,
And daſh'd the brothers from that old man's ſide,
Ev'n from his trembling hand, mangled, deform'd,
Half-bury'd in the duſt, by that fell blow,
They ſhriek'd, and were no more. The wretched mother
Scarce felt her loſs, a ſecond ſplinter came,
It ſmote her on the head, the ſpouting gore

Sprinkled her hoary ſire, ſupine ſhe fell
And cruſh'd her little daughter; helpleſs, dark,
The patriarchal wretch ſat down to weep,
Amidſt the reliques of his family;
His white, and venerable, head expos'd
To all that ſtorm of mortal implements.
I then forgot the danger, ran, and rais'd him;
By force I rais'd him, for, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
His ſoul was bent on death; but, with ſtrong arm,
I forced him from that horrid ſcene of danger,
And gently led him to a ſafe retreat.

Len. My worthy William, this unhappy world
Needs ſuch examples.—'Tis moſt fit thou live.
I will not keep thee. Get thee hence, good William,
Comfort thy parents, if they yet ſurvive,
Or, if they ſleep in earth, protect thy ſiſter:
Theſe prime of duties call thee.—Here is gold:
I ſhare my pittance with thee; if thy care
Should find a remnant, when thy footſteps touch
The happy britiſh coaſt, to thy ſoft ſiſter,
From me, preſent it, with a ſoldier's kiſs.—
I have no parent left, to feel my loſs.—
Farewell—from warlike Oſman ſhalt thou gain,
A paſsport to protect thee, 'till thou reach
The chriſtian confines.

Will. O, my noble maſter,
Or if this humble tongue, might dare to form

The ſound preſumptuous, I would ſay, my friend,
My beſt-lov'd friend, beyond my equals lov'd;
Canſt thou ſuppoſe, that, like my origin,
My ſoul is mean; or think, I would deſert thee?
I am thine own, my father gave me to thee.
Oh ne'er ſhall memory forego the ſenſe
Of that dread moment—ſinking—periſhing—
You ſwam and gave me life.

Len. No more of that.
Think of thy father, he that gave thee life,
And, to make life a bleſſing, form'd thy youth
With precepts of religion. Now, 'tis time
To pay that debt, return, and comfort him.

Will. What comfort could I feel, what comfort give,
From you divided, and oppreſt with thoughts
Of theſe thy perils? – Farewell happy times,
No more to be recall'd. I fought at eve,
My humble homeſtead, and ſecurely ſlept,
To wake without a care.—Now, diff 'rent ſcene——
Yet, to myſelf, whate'er may be my fate,
I will not ſpare a wiſh—haply, my ſire,
Good pious man, now reſts beneath the ſod;
My mother ſleeps beſide him, and my ſiſter,
That kind and artleſs maid, my gentle Jane,
Young and affectionate, is left expos'd
To the baſe wiles of man, and baſer ſpite
Of a malicious world; but gratitude
Hath yet an higher claim.—I muſt not leave thee.

Len. Muſt I remind thee, then, of our relation?
Maſter and ſervant;—little did I think,
Ever to uſe thoſe terms; but, on thy duty,
I muſt command thee, haſten to my quarters.

Will. In this I ſhall obey; yet reſolute
Never to leave thee, in this hour of peril.

[*Exit* William.

SCENE V.

LENNOX, *ſolus.*

I muſt preſerve him.—O, thou dread to-morrow,
Thine evening who ſhall ſee? What valiant creſts
Shall be laid low! The rage of human-kind
Will burſt tremendous, that ſurrounding fiends
Shall ſtand aghaſt, and find themſelves outdone,
In wrath and vengeance, by deſtructive man.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Ramparts of Iſmail.

Enter OSMAN, HEMED EFFENDI, and ALCAIDE of *Iſmail.*

Oſman.

THE Chriſtians and the Moſlem have exchang'd,
Nature and principles.—Their vanity
Would call us all barbarians ; but, let juſtice
Peruſe our actions calmly, and pronounce
Who the barbarians are. If cruelty,
Rapine, and devaſtation, ſcorn of ties,
That bind ſociety ; if brutal rage,
Thirſt of extermination, outrage wild
Of every feeling, every decency,
And every virtue, the barbarian mark ;
Let Chriſtians keep the name, they freely give
To men of other faiths and other hues.

Hemed Ef. If deſolated countries, flaming towns,

If butcher'd peaſants, violated females,
Whelm'd in one ruin, and ſociety
Sunk in an aggregate of ev'ry ill,
That fierce brutality inflicts on man,
Mark the barbarian's progreſs, let the Chriſtian
Survey the ſmoaking waſte, and take the name
Congenial to his nature.—Is it thus
His law inſtructs him?—No—it teaches peace
And mild humanity; it paints his God,
A God of mercy and of loving kindneſs;
And bids him ſhow his rev'rence of that God,
By love to man, his creature—man, for whom
His goſpel teaches him, that God was ſlain.
All fiend-like paſſions fill their horrid breaſts.
Their acts are blaſphemies againſt their maker.

Alca. Such is the dreadful courſe of war, a ſcience
Of rapine, of deſtruction, and of torture.——
The weak, the helpleſs, and the innocent,
The ſick and aged, expiate the ſins
Of thoſe that ſtand in arms. The miſeries
Of tender babes and unoffending women
Wring the ſtout warrior's heart, in thoſe he loves;
Palſy th' uplifted arm; and draw him wide,
From duty to his country, by the pledges
That country gave, and by the ſacred bonds
That nature binds and virtue ſanctifies.

Hemed Ef. Illuſtrious Juſſuf!* there the turkiſh arms

* Alluding to the firſt ſucceſſes of the Turks, under the grand Vizer,

Suſtain'd a fatal loſs. With him, good fortune
Fled from our camp, and wiſdom from our counſels.
While Juſſuf led us, laurell'd victory
Perch'd on our creſcent: the black rav'ning eagle
His four-fold pinions droop'd and, cow'ring, fled.

Oſm. My friend, that ſubject ſpare: 'tis not for us
To judge our rulers.—Haply—we might wiſh——
But Allah knows, and for his creature man
Provides, whate'er is beſt, his hallow'd will
Be evermore fulfill'd. Enough for us,
Each in his humble ſtation, to perform
The taſk appointed us; in Allah's hand,
For proſp'rous, or unhappy, be the event.

Alca. Diſhearten'd by our loſſes, crowds of women,
And men, with women's hearts, the bazar throng,
They cry, infuriate,—" muſt we all be butcher'd?
" The time is come, that makes reſiſtance vain;
" Open theſe gates, and give the people life,
" Life, ev'n with bondage."

Hemed Ef. If we may believe
The voice of rumour; 'tis the fatal period,
That humbles, in the duſt, the turkiſh creſcent,
Before the chriſtian enſigns.

Oſm. Who dares vent
Such baſe, pernicious, and diſloyal, ſounds?

againſt the emperor. On the acceſſion of Selim, this brave man was put to death.

To priſon with him !—Mercy ſhown to ſuch,
Were cruelty to all. We muſt not think
That this ſtrong-hold ſtands ſingle ; or confine,
In contemplation's eye, the fate of Iſmail,
To what theſe walls include. We muſt ſurvey
Its grand relation, to the mighty whole
And weighty influence on the fate of war.
Conſider'd in itſelf, this narrow ſpot,
Amidſt the vaſt extent of Selim's ſway,
Were but as nothing ; but our ſultan's eyes
Are fix'd upon it, as a glorious ſcene,
Where his true ſubjects give a bright example
Of loyalty and courage, to revive
The hopes of all his people. In this light,
The worth of Iſmail is ineſtimable.
If theſe ſtrong tow'rs muſt fall, o bury me
Beneath their ruins ! My ambition ſeeks
No prouder monument.

Alca. The ſhrieks of death,
The craſh of falling tow'rs, the diſmal moans
Of ling'ring agony, are all combin'd
In hideous concert. The tremendous ſhower
Of ſolid fire mix with the rolling ſpheres,
That burſt around in multiplied deſtruction,
And ſhatter'd fragments from demoliſh'd houſes
Whirl'd round impetuous. Such the mighty din,
So loud and ceaſeleſs, that th' etherial thunder,
Unnotic'd, rolls ; and ſuch th' inceſſant glare,

The lightnings flaſh unſeen. That dreadful ſhriek!
Again—again—ſome new calamity.

SCENE II.

Enter, to them, a number of the inhabitants of Iſmail, male and female.

1ſt. Woman.

The flames, the flames, purſue us.—Scarce with life
Am I eſcap'd, the precious pledges loſt
That life endear.—My beauteous little ones!
My infant in the cradle!—Cruel friends,
Why did you tear me, from them? Death, death, death!
My children, o my children!—All in flames
Conſum'd—hark!—hear ye not?—They call their mother.
Oh hark!—hark!—hark! again—oh how they ſhriek!
See—ſee—the flames have wrapt the cradle round.
My precious infant ſleeps, nor dreams of harm;
The flames devour his face, his heav'nly face.
He ſcreams and ſtretches forth his hands to me.—
I cannot ſave thee, tho' thy piercing cries
Convulſe my heart.—Oh ſee my Haſſan too—
Where, wilt thou, wilt thou, fly? What hope?—What refuge?—

A diadem of flame ſurrounds his head——
His beauteous locks—oh horror, horror, horror!
Oſm. Oh pang beyond expreſſion! Gracious Allah,
Wherefore is this?—But 'twere impiety,
To doubt thy goodneſs; let thine hand ſuſtain me,
To fill this painful ſtation. What a war!
Contending duties, all my beſt affections,
Combin'd to ſap my virtue! Let me chaſe
All weak relentings and ill-timed compaſſion.
Let me hear nothing but the voice of fame,
Of duty, and of law; let me ſee nought,
But the fell outrage of the cruel Chriſtian. [*aſide.*
Allah is good, is wiſe, my ſuff'ring children.
He ſends theſe ills in trial of your faith,
'Twas thus predeſtin'd, ſome are doom'd to fall
Examples of obedience to his will,
And edify ſurvivors, deſtin'd ſome
To live and preach his law.
1ſt. Woman. Cry not to me.
I cannot ſave thee. 'Midſt thine agony,
The name of mother, from thy little lips,
Inceſſant ſounds.—In vain—in vain—in vain,
Yet, what I can, I will; I fly to ſhare—
Oh ſtay, devouring flames, receive a mother.
I cannot find my babes, but let my aſhes
Be join'd with theirs. Hail, hail, devouring flames.
[*Exit.*
2d. Woman. Give me my huſband, moſt illuſtrious Oſman,

The father and protector of these infants.

1st. Man. My child, my child! he breath'd his parting sighs
Within these arms. Despair, despair, despair!
The comfort of my age—I have another—
Yield up these walls—preserve my child from death.

2d. Man. My wife, my Zobeide;—our poor infants too—
All bury'd in the ruins!—say, how long
Must nature wrestle with calamity?

3d. Man. Oh mercy, valiant Osman; give us peace;
Mercy and peace, resistance, now, is vain.

Osm. Heav'n knows, I feel your sorrows; I have view'd them,
With streaming tears; yet, cannot I recede,
From the stern path of duty. Force me not,
To war with those I love, and pour on you
The dreadful vengeance of severity,
I wish to keep entire for christian foes.
What truce, what terms, with savage enemies!
Faith cannot bind them;—mercy will not guide;
Their trade is havock;—cruelty their sport;
Calamity their triumph. View the work
Of their destructive hands; and can ye hope
A milder doom?—Lo—far as sight may ken,
One conflagration smoaks. The piercing cries
Of violated maids and matrons, load
The howling winds.—Ye that behold and hear,
Shall it not rouse the lion in your souls?

1st. Man. Means of defence are none; our bravest warriors
Worn out by wounds, by watching, and by toils,

No longer fill our ranks.—Our whole poſſeſſions
With our abodes are vaniſh'd, Iſmail's circuit
Holds not a heart, but mourns in bloody drops
Some de[illegible] connection raviſh'd,—orphan children
And childleſs parents, widow'd wives and huſbands,
Reft of the dear companions of their youth,
Around thee throng.

Oſm. Ye faithful of our prophet,
In awful truſt hath Selim plac'd me here;
With me, the flower and glory of his bands.—
Revere your ſultan, in his delegate,
He ſpeaks thro' me, defiance to the foes
Of our illuſtrious creſcent, and defence
Of our time-honour'd pow'r and holy faith.
Moſt mighty prophet, is thy glory fled?
Shall unbelievers triumph? Never, never,
Or, if the fullneſs of appointed time
Is come to lay the turkiſh creſcent low,
Let me not ſee it; ſpare theſe aged eyes;
Whelm'd beneath heaps of ſlain, o bury me,
Like a good Muſſulman, and hardy ſoldier.
We ſhall provide, within the cavern'd rock,
A ſafe protection for the feeble kind,
From flames and murd'rous enginery.—And mark
Ye gallant chieftains,—we ſhould ſet th' example
Not leſs in patience, than in active might,
While any, ev'n the meaneſt in this place,

Are unprotected, let our families
Remain expos'd, to ſuch viciſſitudes,
As theſe poor ſuff'rers ſhare. See it perform'd.

[*To Alcaide who retires for the purpoſe.*

Retire, my children; a paternal care
Shall wake to guard you; not a pang you feel,
But Oſman feels it double.—He, and his
Partake your toils, your perils.—Truſt in Allah—
Hence;—let me hear no mutinous complaints,
No ſallies of deſpair;—who ſpeaks of yielding,
Accelerates the death he ſeeks to ſhun.

[*Exeunt the populace.*

Oſm. My ſpirit agonizes for theſe women,
Poor unoffending victims! Tho' I ſeem'd
Obdurate in their preſence, it muſt be.—
Fierce as he is, the Chriſtian will not thirſt
For blood of babes and women; if he ſhould,
The ſin and the reproach be on his head.—
Hang out a flag of truce, and ſend a trumpet

[*To Hemed Effendi.*

To parley with the Chriſtian. Shall the warrior
Arm his ſtrong hand, 'gainſt unreſiſting foes?
Three hours, no more we ſeek, let him forbear
The work of ruin; we, mean time embark
The helpleſs train, our women and our infants.

SCENE III.

Enter LA FARE, *wounded, ſupported by* LENNOX, *and attended by Turkiſh ſoldiers.*

Lennox.

Another victim of devouring war—
How pale and bloody—God of righteouſneſs—
Nor youth, nor worth, nor valour—ah how chang'd!

La Fa. 'Tis paſt—'tis paſt—aye, I have ſeen enough,
And feel enough, of Ruſſia and her wars.
Oh Catherine, Catherine, hadſt thou ſtood beſide me,
Theſe two hours paſt, 'twere well for Europe's peace.
Curſe on my folly, I muſt ſee a ſiege,
And learn the trade of war, a fooliſh trade!—
Was I a truant, that my pedagogue
Chaſtis'd me ſo ſeverely?—Give thy hand.

[*To Oſman.*

Thou art a brave old fellow—theſe ſlow dogs
Theſe clumſy ruſſian bears, methinks, we made them]
Hurry their pace a little.—I am going,
Where ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, kings, and prophets too,

Have gone before me.—O my gallant friend,

[*To Lennox.*

Thou ſoon muſt follow; fix thine eyes on me,
And ſee how ſoldiers die; 'twill cheer thy heart,
To find that death is nothing.

Turkiſh Sold. Valiant chriſtian,
Thy life-blood flows apace; haſte to a ſurgeon,
Or vain have been our cares to reſcue thee.

La Fa. Thanks gallant fellows, ye have fought like tigers.
Oh we have paid thoſe Ruſſians.—May your prophet,
For, here on earth, I fear that your reward,
Will prove inadequate, for, as I ſee,
'Tis but a ſcurvy world; but, may your prophet,
Prepare you better quarters, when you paſs
From this your poſt, in earthly garriſon,
To that eternal muſter; and provide,
Bleſt ſolace of your toil, th' immortal fair,
Sweet, ſmiling, black-eyed, rogues.

Len. My good La Fare,
In; let the ſurgeon look upon your wounds.
Nay be perſuaded.

La Fa. Let him do his worſt,
He can but torture me; and I bear pain
As firmly as my neighbours. Well I know,
That life ebbs out apace, and human art
Is unavailing; yet, I will ſubmit
To what ye may enjoin. Ye ſhall not ſay
I ſhrunk from ſuff'rings, or neglected means

That might prolong my being, if my life
Is uſeful to my friends.—So—lead me ſoftly—
I feel I talk too much; this giddy tongue
Was ever fond of prating: but I know
My time is ſhort, and I ſhall ſoon be dumb.

Len. No, thou ſhalt live; the vital energies
Glow on thy lip, and lighten in thy glance.

La Fa. 'Tis no new ſight, perhaps, for Engliſhmen,
To ſee a Frenchman die, for, from the day
That England was old England, France was France,
We have been rivals for the bloody ſmile
Of dame Bellona. 'Tis a novel thing
To ſee a Briton and a Frenchman join'd
In ſocial arms, and for an Infidel,
Againſt a Chriſtian too. Ye well might ſay,
That I am juſtly puniſh'd, who depart
From the politeneſs, that my nation marks,
And rudely draw my ſword againſt a woman.

Len. If thou ſhouldſt part, is there no laſt attention,
That weeping friendſhip, to the dead, may pay?

La Fa. Here take my ſword and purſe, my worldly goods
Are far from cumbrous. Should it be thy chance,
Which much I doubt, to 'ſcape from hence with life,
Uſe this, in memory of thy La Fare, [*His ſword.*
Whilſt it is thine, 'twill be in valiant hands;
And for my purſe, it is the property

Of all that want: but chiefly let the widows
And orphans of the ſlain, receive a ſhare
More ample than the reſt.—But why, to thee,
Theſe idle admonitions? Well I know,
Give thee but means, beneficence and juſtice—
Farewell—farewell—my Lennox, think of me;
And ſhouldſt thou crown the bowl in happy England,
Next thy fair tyrant, whether Ottoman
Or Chriſtian, beauty is not bound to ſect,
Think of La Fare, and a libation pour,
In wine, ſuch as he lov'd, to his remembrance.

[La Fare *is borne off.*

Len. Farewell, thou gallant ſpirit! What is war?
A dire conſumption of heroic ſouls!
A cruel harveſt of deſtructive virtues,
By death's huge ſickle reap'd. Brave Oſman, pardon;
I am a truant, but thy gen'rous nature
Will ſomething give to friendſhip. Thou wilt find me,
Firm at my ſtation, near the tow'r of Selim.

[*Exit* Lennox.

Oſm. Fight gallant Ottomans; thou, Haſſan, take
The weſtern rampart: Ali, to the north:—
Now, now, my friends, remember, do not think
Your prophet deaf, or blind; he heard your oaths,
Your votive wounds he mark'd, the firm aſſurance
Of great exertions, in his hallow'd cauſe.
Thou Ibrahim, a poſt of ſpecial truſt,

For weakeſt there our works, oppoſe the foe,
Where to the Danube ope our poſtern gates.

[*Exeunt* Turkiſh Captains.

SCENE IV.

OSMAN and ACHMET.

Let all our warriors to their poſts repair;
'Twill be a buſy day; and, let this crowd
Retire, ſubmiſſive to the will of heav'n;
With fatherly ſollicitude, I wake
To give you all ſuch comfort and relief,
As the ſad time affords. Retire, my children.

[*The crowd diſperſes.*

Ach. Now, valiant Oſman, I can promiſe thee
Eaſe to thine heart; thy deareſt pledge is ſafe.
Twice twenty ſhallops on the Danube float,
As yet, the common herd are ignorant
Of their arrival, for I have conceal'd it,
With anxious care, that thou mightſt have the choice
Of boats and mariners; but all my care
Cannot conceal it long. The moments preſs.—
Ere yet the crowds impetuous ſeek the port,
Embark thy daughter, with her female train.

Oſm. I feel thy care and ſee this act of friendſhip,
In all its luſtre; but I truſt in Allah.
The leaf, in autumn, falls not to the ground,
Without his providence. I love my child,
But love my country more. The parent claims
A duty yet more ſtrong than that to children;
And this my native ſoil is more than parent.
I act not from myſelf; for I am here,
In ſacred truſt. My ſenſes and my mind
Are not mine own; theſe eyes muſt not behold
Objects before them; nor theſe ears perceive
What ſounds of woe, on ev'ry hand ariſe.
No feeling, but an awful ſenſe of duty
Within my boſom throb, nor let my thought,
Aim, motive, conſequence, or act revolve,
Save my great miſſion here. As for my child,
The gem of theſe fond eyes, whate'er my love
Might urge to ſecond thee, yet, by my ſide,
Here ſhe remains; for ſhould I ſend her hence,
'Twould ſpeak deſpondence, in their governor,
And fill the crowd with terror. Hope ſuſtains
Their ardent minds, and plays before their eyes
The proſpect of relief, which, well I know,
Is diſtant far; my daughter's flight reveals
That honeſt fallacy. Yet hinder not
Others, who mean to fly; but be their flight
Silent and orderly; leſt they ſhould ſpread

Confuſion thro' the hoſt.—What dread exploſion!
And now that ſhriek of horror.—Haſte my friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the houſe of OSMAN.

Enter ZULIMA and THEODORA.

Zulima.

Oh Theodora, what a ſad reverſe
From our paſt tranquil ſtate! ſurrounded thus
With ſights and ſounds of horror; and, before us,
The dreadful future, charg'd with ev'ry woe
That can appall our nature. 'Tis moſt ſtrange,
That thus unmov'd, while all our females round
Give way to their diſtraction, ſtill, I ſee thee
In ſad ſerenity of calm deſpair.

Theo. I am ſo train'd to ſuff'rings, that affliction
Has nothing new or dreadful to preſent.
I feel th' inſpiring preſence of the God
That evermore ſuſtains me, in whoſe hands
Our lives are treaſur'd, and I cannot fear.

Zul. Would I were thus reſign'd! Your chriſtian faith
Is the religion of philoſophy.
Theo. I am enur'd to ſorrows.—All my life
Has been a tiſſue of calamities,
Each riſing over other. A ſire's curſe
Purſues my ſoul; I ſaw my huſband bleed;
I claſp'd his mangled body; and ſurvive,
To mourn his loſs in bonds!
Zul. Name it not ſo;
No captive but a friend. My care hath been,
To ſooth thy drooping heart.
Theo. Thou haſt been kind,
And cheer'd captivity. I have not felt
The chains that held me in my ſervile ſtate.
Zul. I would have made thee happy; but, alas!
We all are fated to ſome woful doom;
My father's countenance, altho' his tongue
Seems fraught with hope, forbodes th' approaching ills.
How is it, Theodora, that you Chriſtians,
Whoſe law is peace and mercy, can belie
The precepts of your God, and thus rebel
Againſt the ſacred doctrines ye profeſs?—
Yet one there is, thy gallant country-man,—
Sure, Allah ſent him as our guardian genius.
What prodigies of valour!—Yet, 'tis vain—
He may awhile retard, but not avert,
The fall of Iſmail. Hide me in thy boſom;
O mercy, mercy, prophet of our faith,

What doom, what doom is ours!

Theo. 'Twere well, if, in the miſeries of war,
The culpable alone, the raſh and headſtrong,
The proud, the turbulent, ambitious, cruel,—
If ſuch by heav'nly juſtice were ſelected
Sole ſuff'rers, to ſuſtain the miſeries
Of wars, which they provoke;—but 'tis not ſo.
The mild, the peaceable, and unoffending,
Age, that a reſpite claims from cares of life,
Soft woman-kind, and blameleſs infancy,
They chiefly ſuffer; the laborious peaſant,
Th' ingenious artiſan, th' adventrous merchant,
That deck the land with plenty and with arts,
Such are the victims: ſweeping ruin comes,
To mock their toils and deſolate their hopes;
Death, worſe than death, want, violation, loſs
Of ev'ry friend, and breach of ev'ry tie
That ſooth and decorate the ſocial ſtate!—

Zul. But will not kings relent? Are there not hours,
When chiefs and ſtatesmen ſoften into men?
Shall cries of miſery reſound in vain?
Shall forms of wretchedneſs o'erſpread the land?

Theo. Nobles and ſtatesmen wrap themſelves in robes
And enſigns of their pow'r; and dwell ſecure
Within their palaces, where ſhafts of war
And ſudden ſtrokes of fell calamity
Aſſail them not; the revel and the dance,
The dreams of wealth, the projects of ambition

Their ſenſes dull; they view not ſcenes of woe,
They hear not cries of famine, moans of pain,
The groans of death, and clamours of diſtraction.
The beggar'd, deſolate, and mangled victims,
Outcaſt, and maim'd, moſt horrible to ſight!
And dreadful to the feelings! Wretched widows,
And violated maids, and helpleſs orphans,
Find no admiſſion to the gilded palace,
To rouſe the ſtatesman and the warrior.—" Mark
" We are thy handy-work?"

Zul. This gallant Lennox,—
'Tis pity, he ſhould periſh; ſad return
For worth heroic! Were all Chriſtians ſuch,
So juſt and merciful, his valour then
Would want a ſubject.—But this Catharine,
Who can ſuppoſe her woman, like ourſelves,
Thus daring and ferocious? Female kind
Are ſoft—and merciful; from peril ſhrink,
And melt at thought of human miſeries.

Theo. The rage of conqueſt hath poſſeſs'd her ſoul;
She graſps in thought, the empire of the globe.

Zul. The rage of conqueſt, and the thirſt of blood,
And military palms are only ſuited
To ſtern unfeeling man. Has Catharine lov'd?
Or been belov'd? or known maternal fondneſs?

Theo. We may not call it love.—In ſuch a ſpirit,
The mental ſoft ſenſation hath no place.
But rage of pleaſure, boundleſs as her pride,

Reigns in her ſoul, and goads her to mankind.

Zul. I cannot wonder that ſhe ſhould delight
In war and deſolation. O ſhe bears
No gentle female heart; for I have heard
She kill'd her wedded lord, and made herſelf
The ſov'reign, in his room. I have been told,
Her life is waning.—Can this cruel woman,
Whoſe turbulent ambition ſounds ſo loud,
From pole to pole, and fills th' aſtoniſh'd world
With ſlaughter and diſmay,—can ſhe e'er think
That ſhe muſt quit this world, to ſeek a place
Of dreadful reckoning for her deeds on earth?
Will not the ſpirits of the ſlaughter'd millions,
Cut off untimely by her dread ambition,
The ſouls of murder'd innocents, ariſe,
In direful teſtimony, at the throne
Of God, ſevere in juſtice, 'gainſt their butcher?
The tongue of babes ſhall then, like thunder, ſpeak,
And woman's feeble hand direct the bolt
Of vollied lightning, and abaſe the head,
That proudly tow'r'd, in depths of miſery
And blackeſt condemnation, to the place
Prepar'd for murd'rers and the noxious herd,
By human weakneſs and the flatt'rer's tongue,
Deify'd, and adorn'd with ſpecious names
Of demigod and hero, meaning nought,
Well-underſtood, but tyrant and deſtroyer!

Theo. When the juſt judge ſhall an account demand

Of ev'ry hour; what then ſhall be her audit?—
This day, a city ſtorm'd, its habitants
Giv'n to the ſword;—the next, a peaceful village
Wrapt in devouring flames;—this day employ'd,
In pouring ruin and calamity,
There, on the weſt—to-morrow ſhall commence
The work of ravage where the ſun aſcends—
'Till deſolation circles round the globe.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Bazar of Iſmail.

Enter OSMAN and HEMED EFFENDI.

Hemed Effendi.

YET ſome there are, who boldly teach the crowd,
That, now, the fullneſs of appointed time
Hath reach'd the goal; and, trampled in the duſt,
The creſcent ſhall decay, and our proud rule
And pure religion bend before the croſs.

Oſm. Senſeleſs fanatics they, or miſcreants brib'd,
That fill the public mind with groundleſs fear,
And palſy, in its ſtroke, the public hand,
Uplifted for defence.—Moſt fooliſh they,
Who lend a facile hearing to ſuch tales.
Such were the impoſtors that, to gaping crowds,
In Stamboul, dar'd their prophecies retail
And pour'd forth guilty rumours. Vengeance ſoon
The pious frenſy tam'd.

Hemed Ef. The hand of pow'r
May chain the tongue, but not controul the mind.

Oſm. And doſt thou join the credulous, who yield
To prophecies like theſe? No prophecy,
Tho' crowds believe, and miracles atteſt,
Shall make me think our empire can decline,
While courage lives within the ſoldier's heart,
And firmneſs ſways our counſels. True predictions,
Of nations falling, or of nations ſav'd,
Are utter'd by the people;—not in tongues
Of accent organiz'd, but, in their lives.
If luxury with baſe corruption dwells,
That people ſhall decay; no Santon needs,
No ſelf-tormentor, to predict its fall.
But where the private virtues fix their ſeat,
With public faith combin'd, there I look up,
With confidence unſhaken, nor can think
A being, infinitely good and juſt,
Will e'er forſake the good and righteous cauſe.

SCENE II.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Our trumpet is return'd what ſay the Chriſtians?

Meſ. I ſaw Suwarrow; cover'd o'er with wounds,
With courage unabated, he perſiſts.—
" Say to the Turk—no truce with enemies:
" My ſoldiers thirſt for blood; their ſlaughter'd brethren
" Are ſtill before their eyes; nor ſex, nor age,
" Shall find diſtinction, if your raſh defence
" Draws down the vengeance of our conq'ring arms.
" Your tow'rs ſhall reek with ſlaughter and your blood
" Shall dye the Danube. Let the walls of Iſmail,
" Her bulwarks, and her people, proſtrate fall
" Before the Grecian ſceptre. On your heads,
" Be the refuſal.—Hence, and tell your chief—
" Death or ſubmiſſion."

Oſm. Allah's will be done.
Death or ſubmiſſion, death for Ottomans,
An honourable death, for other hope
Remains not now.—Call hither faithful Saidi.

[*To the Meſſenger, who goes out in conſequence.*

Spare me a while, good Hemed, I would give,
Some laſt inſtructions to my faithful ſlave,
That much concern the welfare of a daughter,
When I ſhall be no more. Paſs thro' the ſtreets,
Reprove th' impatient, comfort the diſtreſs'd;
Should faction raiſe her voice, with vig'rous arm,
Let chaſtiſement ſucceed:

Exit Hemed Effendi.

Dread eminence,
Purſued with hopes and pray'rs, now, fatal ſource
Of conflicts, ſacrifices, agonies.

SCENE III.

Enter, to him, SAIDI.

Saidi, ſince thou wert mine, haſt thou not found me,
A kind indulgent maſter?—Think not this,
As an upbraiding meant;—no, heaven forbid
That I ſhould taunt thee. Saidi, I have mark'd
In thee, fidelity beyond all price.
And therefore, ſhall I to thy care confide
A dreadful truſt, but, firſt, before the God,
Who reads our ſecret thoughts, and comes in terror
To blaſt the perjur'd, ſwear thou wilt perform.

Saidi. What fatal duty?—But thou art my lord—
I ſhall not dare to queſtion—by our law,
Our mighty prophet, and th' eternal pow'r,
From whom his miſſion came, the pow'r of truth.— [*kneeling.*

Oſm. Thou muſt be firm; no fooliſh weak relentings
Muſt ſhake thy nerves, thy life and ſoul be pledg'd,
Thy dear eternal welfare, to performance
Of a moſt cruel duty; ſuch an act
As would appall this heart. I force thee not;—
But taking once the truſt, and proving falſe,
Perdition be thy lot, the ſoul's perdition.

Saidi. Th' unwearied ſervice of an humble life
Hath paſs'd unnotic'd, or my lord muſt know
His faithful creature's zeal. But ſay what taſk?—

Oſm. My child, my Zulima—oh Saidi, Saidi,
To ſave her from diſhonour is my care.
To-morrow's dawn will lead the ſavage foe,
To ſtorm our ramparts; then far diff'rent cares
Muſt fill my ſoul, well as I love my daughter.—
Remember thou haſt ſworn.—In confidence,
Thou wilt diſcharge it, I confer on thee
All the paternal function.

Saidi. I have ſworn.
Can more be added?

Oſm. But thou knowſt not, Saidi,
To what a dread performance. Oh 'twere little
To ſtand beſide me in the fatal breach;
'Twere little to devote thy life for mine.

I know thee juſt and pious, and thy ſoul
Feels all the mighty ſanction of an oath.
But, then, thy ſoul is piteous, and the duty
Is of ſo ſtrange and ſtern a quality—
How feel thy nerves?—How beat thy pulſes?—Firm?

Saidi. Kill me, but wound me not, by ſuch ſuſpicion,
I promiſe to fulfil th' unknown command;
It comes from Oſman, and it muſt be virtuous.

Oſm. I muſt not dally with thee; all my time
Is to the public due. Ev'n now I feel,
That I am guilty, while to private objects,
I give the ſacred moments; therefore, mark:
Leave not my daughter's ſide;—at all events,
Preſerve her from diſhonour; for the purpoſe,
Sad preſent from a father, take this phial.—
The cries of fugitives will fully teach thee,
When I ſhall be no more;—for, reſt aſſur'd,
While life remains, firm in the breach I ſtand,
And Oſman muſt lie low, before the croſs
Shall on theſe ramparts ſtream.

Saidi. I feel, I feel,
That I have promis'd for a dreadful duty
Beyond my ſtrength.

Oſm. Remember thou haſt ſworn.
Her father ſlain, why ſhould my child ſurvive
Expos'd to brutal outrage? Saidi, then
Thine awful truſt commences. Keep that phial,
Of fatal potency. The chymiſt's art
Hermetic now confines the ſubtle fume,

And 'tis innoxious; when the moment comes—
Thy wiſe and feeling mind can ſpare my tongue
Hateful particulars: obſerve the wind,
And currents of the air; and place thyſelf
In ſuch poſition, they may paſs from thee,
And reach—I cannot ſpeak—oh Saidi, Saidi!—
As by the touch of heav'n, without a groan,
No pain ſhall reach her, not the leaſt diſtortion
Deform her graceful frame, nor ev'n the hue
Deſert her beauteous cheeks, but ſhe will ſink
As in a placid ſleep: I may no more—
She muſt not be a ſlave, or—Saidi, Saidi,
Think of thy oath—my child is in thy hand.
Go, ſend her hither: ev'ry moment, now,
Is worth whole years, in lazy intervals
Of common being. Hence diſpatch, good Saidi.
Again, remember thou haſt ſworn obedience.

Saidi. By that bleſt pow'r, who reads the thoughts of man,
My hands, my ſoul, my ev'ry thought is thine.

[*Exit* Saidi.

SCENE IV.

OSMAN, *ſolus.*

Oh holy prophet, now, I feel the might
Of fix'd religion to ſuſtain the ſoul.
My ſpirit riſes with expanſive joy ;
It feels the merit of my ſacrifice,
And glows with energy. All-ſeeing Allah,
Receive my wiſhes, all my thoughts receive.
But firſt exalt, and make them worthy him,
To whom they are addreſt.—Suſtain, ſuſtain,—
I muſt prepare, inexorable taſk—
My Zulima, to meet—to meet—O nature——
O violated nature—all thy feelings—
Child—father—coward—coward ! I ſhall ſee
My daughter ſhame me—tho' the vulgar crowd
Who read our law amiſs, unjuſtly deem
The gentle ſex mere animal machines
My Zulima muſt live ; but not on earth.—
O wretched father - but th' immortal love
Of honeſt fame, the ſpark of gen'rous pride,

The heav'nly purity, that fits her mind—
For converſe with a God.—Almighty pow'r,
I cannot doubt thy wiſdom; theſe are thine,
Moſt perfect of thy gifts!—and never, never,
Shall they become a maſs of trampled clay.

SCENE V.

Enter ZULIMA and SAIDI.

My daughter, I have train'd thee with a care,
Which our faſtidious law not oft beſtows
On female ſpirits, by the Muſſulman,
Deſpis'd, unjuſtly, as to man inferior.
Thy rip'ning talents and thy perfect virtues
Repaid thy father's care; but chief I mark'd,
And almoſt reverenc'd in thee as divine,
A noble fortitude and firm reliance
On Allah.

Zul. I have learn'd from thee, my father,
To look towards Allah, as the ſource of life,
Author of good, and end of all our actions!

Oſm. Divinely ſaid, my child. Thou haſt been near,
In all my dangers; now the period comes;

And toils and dangers in deſtruction ceaſe.
'Tis even ſo—the midnight hour leads on
The ſavage columns, and they ſtorm our walls.
Ev'n now the trumpet calls, the moments fly,
And I muſt fill my place.—Tell me, my child,—
Nay—pauſe a moment; do not raſhly anſwer,
But firſt conſult the woman in thy breaſt—
That anſwer muſt be final. My reſolve
Follows thy words, as air ſucceeds to air,
When words are utter'd.—Doſt thou wiſh to fly,
And leave thy father, in his hour of peril?

Zul. What weakneſs have I ſhown? or how deſerv'd
This moſt ſevere reproach?

Oſm. Nay, be not raſh.—
Thou haſt a chance for ſafety:—in our port,
The crowded ſhallops moor, and many women
For flight prepare, conſult thy boſom then,
And, if it ſtartles at the near approach
Of danger, leave me here, and inſtant fly.

Zul. Oh never, father.

Oſm. Wilt thou here remain?

Zul. Moſt reſolutely.

Oſm. Haſt thou fully weigh'd
Th' event of this night's conflict? Hope not thou
Always to find a ſire, who may protect
Thy ſex's weakneſs. Thou muſt learn to ſeek
Reſources in thyſelf.—Oh turn aſide,
Nor mark old Oſman's tears.—I ſhall be found

Firm at my poſt, this night, but living there
Haply I ſhall not bide.—Then, Zulima,—
Reſt of thy father; tell me haſt thou ponder'd
Thy deſolated ſtate?

Zul. I have revolv'd
The dreadful theme.—Give me the manly garb,
And let me ſtand beſide thee in the breach.—
Diſhonour reaches not the lifeleſs frame.

Oſm. 'Tis nobly thought, my child.—Our law forbids!
The father is too mighty for the ſoldier:
Senſe of thy danger would unman my ſoul
And this eventful night, I mean to prove
Myſelf and more; but Saidi ſhall protect thee.

Zul. How ſhould his feeble arm afford protection!

Oſm. Truſt in all-ſeeing Allah. Oft he makes
The feebleſt inſtrument the ſovereign cauſe
Of great events. Let Saidi ſtill be near,
For be aſſur'd, O Zulima, he bears
Effectual protection.

Zul. O my father,
I may not doubt thy words, for holy truth
Dwells ever on thy lips.—But whence the pow'r?

Oſm. Queſtion me not; be ſure, 'tis full and ample
When ev'n thy father's love, with confidence,
Repoſes on it.—I am ſummon'd hence.—
Now, gentle feelings, natural relentings,
And ſoft humanity muſt all give place;
And nature learn new habitudes, new claims;

This arduous ſtation wakes her energies.
I hear the call to ſuffer and to do;
Bid me put forth the ſecrets of my ſoul.

Zul. I feel 'tis ſo, the preſent awful hour
Bids me aſſume a ſtrength of character,
New to my ſoul; but where is that eſteem,
Thy partial tongue profeſs'd, if I am held
Unworthy to partake the mighty ſecret,
Thou haſt reveal'd to him?

Oſm. My child ſhall learn it,
Better from Saidi, than a father's tongue.—
I know, both from experience, and tradition
Of hiſtory recorded, thy ſoft ſex
Endow'd with all perfections, which the pride
Of man, contemptuous, fain would arrogate
To haughty ſelf; nor fortitude the leaſt.—
'Tis my own weakneſs then, no ſcorn of thine
Conceals the truth—but thou wilt learn it ſoon.
No laſt embrace—O ſpare me Zulima.
Tear thyſelf from me; hurry from my ſight.
I am unequal—Saidi, bear her hence.

Zul. My father, O my father, righteous Allah,
Protect thy faithful ſervant.

Oſm. Hang not thus
Around thy father's neck. O grief, grief, grief,
Intolerable grief!—My fortitude
Where art thou now? My reſignation, where?—

Farewell, farewell; the conflict muſt be mine.
O tuneful voice, fair form, and virtuous mind!

[*Exit* Oſman.

SCENE VI.

ZULIMA and SAIDI.

Zul. Oh ſtay, my father, gone, for ever gone!—
All that is noble, pious, wiſe, and brave,
For ever, ever loſt! Ye dreadful prophets
Of death and deſolation, that ſurround us,
The fell prediction of my father's fate
Reſounds too plainly from your brazen throats,
At ev'ry volley of the mimic thunders
That ſhake the ſolid earth.—Where ſhall I fly?—
O could I fly from thought!—I would be firm,
But feel myſelf a woman.—Lead me Saidi.

Saidi. Whither my beauteous miſtreſs?

Zul. Canſt thou lead
Where peace abides, and comfort may be found?
O canſt thou lead me, where theſe ears ſhall 'ſcape
The horrid uproar hurtling in the ſky?—
But 'tis impoſſible.—O lead me then,
To ſome deep cavern, where, I may retire
From hated light of day and wrap myſelf,

In gloom congenial; let me baniſh thought,
Feeling, reflection, and in trances lull
The buſy ſenſe, 'till I become as torpid
As thoſe dull things that nature leads to delve,
And find in earth a cheerleſs calm abode,
No, that would argue fear, and ſhame the child
Of the moſt valiant Oſman.—Wherefore fear?—
Where'er he is, I know that glory waits him,
And wherefore fear? O lead me to ſome tow'r,
Where I may ſee the war.—With eyes intent;
I'll gaze; tho' diſtant and too ignorant,
To comprehend them clearly, I ſhall feel
I am ſpectatreſs of the noble deeds,
Wrought by my father in his country's cauſe.

SCENE VII.

ZULIMA, LENNOX, and SAIDI,

Len. This ſpot, O Zulima, is dangerous;
Let me conduct thee to a place of ſafety;—
Of ſafety—how I ſpeak! as tho' theſe walls
Afforded ſafety!

Zul. Chriſtian, wonder not,
That I ſhould deviate from the due reſerve

Our manners and our law ordain to females ;
'Tis now no time for baſhful privacy ;
My father is in danger, thou art brave.
What ſtronger motives can I urge to thee ?
What accents ſweeter than the voice of fame ?

Len. Oh ſovereign beauty, never, till this hour,
My burſting heart found way. Around thee dwells
Such pure divinity, it ſanctifies
Whate'er approaches thee. My life were poor,
Poor ſacrifice to ſpeak the high devotion
I bear to Zulima.

Zul. O Chriſtian, peace !—
I hear not flattery ; 'tis not now the time,
If ever ſeaſon ſuited ſuch diſcourſe ;—
I am myſelf in peril, but of that
I take no heed, for ev'ry thought of ſelf
Is in my father loſt.

Len. I will be near,
And guard thee.

Zul. No, a more diſtinguiſhed place
And cares more weighty call thee. Well I know
The tow'r of Selim to thy charge is giv'n ;
For there impends the fierceſt burſt of war,
By bold Suwarrow led, and next to thee
My father's ſtation at the tow'r of Omar.
Thou wilt be near him, keep him in thy view :—
But I retard thy glory.—One thing more,
And I diſmiſs thee, to thy warlike cares.

O ſhould my ſire be wounded ;—wilt thou bear him,
Thyſelf, from battle ?—Place him in theſe arms,
And I am ſatisfied. 'Tis all the boon
I aſk, and thou wilt promiſe, if thine heart
Has felt—what would I ſay ?—If e'er thy breaſt,
As who can doubt it,—with humanity,
Has gently throbb'd ; if e'er thy noble mind
Has felt the pow'r of filial piety,
Refuſe me not.

Len. But, who ſhall guard thy beauties ?

Zul. I have no beauty. I am not a woman.
Thoſe are not terms that ſuit the preſent hour ;
I am a thing of death ; the fatal angel
Is hovering o'er my head. Go, valiant Chriſtian,
Where honour calls.—I muſt not weakly mourn,
Nor cloud, with diſmal auguries of ill,
Thy noble ſpirit.

[*Exit* Zulima.

SCENE VIII.

LENNOX *ſolus.*

Are theſe infidels,—
Exalted minds that read in nature's book,

Tranſcripts of God?—Bluſh arrogant belief;
Renounce thy code, or practice what it teaches.
Ye Ruſſians, ye are Chriſtians, or, at leaſt,
Aſſume the name. But does your creed enjoin
The trade of war? Did your redeemer die
That ye might butcher, ravage, and deſtroy,
And emulate the damn'd, yet hope for heav'n.

Exit Lennox.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Ruſſian Camp before Iſmail.

ELLIOT *ſolus.*

WHAT are the meteor glories, that betray
The ſov'reigns of mankind, the fatal charms
Of wide extended ſway, that deſolate
Alike the conquer'd and the conqueror?
What are the fruits of war? The ports no more
With gladſome tumult ſound; no more, the merchant

Finds ev'ry breeze waſt treaſures to the ſhore.
The famiſh'd artiſans ſurround the throne ;
And cry for food and raiment. Ev'ry ſtreet
Teems with deſpairing throngs, that wander wild,
They know not why, or where, and call on death,
That ling'ring waits, 'till hunger lead him on.
The fleets and armies triumph, but the people
Are cruſh'd mean time ; while commerce diſappears,
And fatal trophies waſte the public wealth.
The riſing palm exhauſts the parent ſoil
That nurtures it with blood. The priſons groan
With blameleſs victims of conſuming war ;
The merchants, hurl'd from peaceful dignity,
By one rude ſhock, to ſorrows, and contempt,
And bondage, and outrageous penury ;
The public treaſure ſtak'd on games of chance,
Deſpair and want pervade each rank of life ;
And yet no games of chance, for certain ruin
Purſues the winner ; the deluded people,
Intoxicated by the glorious cry
Of conqueſt, conqueſt, find themſelves undone !
Ev'n by the courſe of brilliant victories.

SCENE II.

Enter, to him, ALVINZY.

Alv. Ours is a curſed cauſe! What outrage wild,
What wanton havock of the human kind!
The foes of God, and ſcourge of his creation,
We raſe from earth the fair and beauteous works
That with delight he view'd and good pronounc'd.
I mourn our progreſs and I bluſh to wield
Polluted arms. And am I then th' accomplice
In black injuſtice? How ſhall we appear
To future times recorded? How ſuſtain
Th' eternal audit, when the blood-ſtain'd actors
In theſe fell tragedies are call'd to anſwer
For all their motives?—Shall we then receive
The mercy we denied?—what motives plead?—
Shall rage of conqueſt, and the wild ambition
On wayward pride impatient of reſtraint
By vanity engender'd in a woman,
From weight of blood abſolve us? mark the foe,—
What diff'rent motives arm thoſe infidels!

They fight to guard the plains that gave them birth,
Their homesteads, their possessions, and the pledges,
The darling pledges, that endear existence;
And yet, resistance to a lawless foe
And perseverance in a righteous cause
Are crimes with us, deserving all the vengeance
That war can wreck on miserable man.

Ell. Ambitious Catharine has reviv'd the tales
That fable feign'd of old Semiramis.
'Midst savage tribes and in ungenial climes,
The fire of genius and the warlike rage
Glow, join'd and emulous, and whilst she plans
Extended empire, all the peaceful arts
Flourish at her command. Her bounty draws,
As to their centre, from the kingdoms round,
Each varied excellence. The sculptor's art,
Softens the rock for her; the painter's hand,
Pours its creation forth; and heav'nly science,
Unravels the mysterious ways of God.
Diffus'd by her, the forms of polish'd life
And social joys awaken and refine
Her sullen gloomy subjects. Greater task,
Conceiv'd and plann'd by that immortal mind,
Illustrious Peter, than the wonders wrought
By antient Orpheus, who led savage beasts,
And trees, and rocks, obedient to the strains
Of his resistless lyre and charming song.

Alv. Head of the Grecian church, ſhe fondly aims
To found a Grecian empire, and regain
That antient ſeat where Grecian emperors,
From fair Byzantium, ſway'd the peopled earth.
We too muſt feel her aims, who form a buttreſs
To cloſe her in, and fruſtrate her deſigns
Againſt the Turk.

Ell. Nor diſtant is the day:
I can already mark your fertile realm
O'erſpread by dang'rous and uſurping neighbours;
Torn and diſmember'd, it no more ſhall hold
It's rank 'mong nations; vain ſhall be reſiſtance;
And vain your ſov'reign's labours to diffuſe,
With patriot zeal, the boon of liberty,
Domeſtic peace, with induſtry, the child
Of independence. To the moſt of kings,
Thrones are uneaſy ſtations; chief to him;
His diadem hath prov'd a crown of thorns.

Alv. Nature, in vain, with laviſh care, endow'd
His form and mind, and education's hand
To full perfection wrought. Theſe ſplendid gifts
Enſure not happineſs; he hath exchang'd
Domeſtic eaſe for ſceptred miſery;
Ingratitude and treaſon have repay'd
His faireſt meaſures, and his patriot aims,
His godlike labours for the public weal,—
Labours, that angels with delight behold,
And ſaints might envy—if a ſainted ſhade

Could ſuch vile paſſion know,—are blaſted all,
By ſordid prejudice, and ſottiſh pride,
And turbulent ambition of the crowd;
Or, ſtill more fatal, by the black intrigues
Of potent neighbours, who, like beaſts of prey,
Watching the moment when the game ſhall ſtir,
Foment, in ſecret, anarchy and ſtrife,
And wait the ſignal of inteſtine jars,
To play the ſtormy factions of the land
Againſt each other, 'till they ruin all
And riot in their ſpoils. Ye ſons of Britain,
That in yourſelves poſſeſs the rights of men,
And, by long uſe and full fruition, know
Th' ineſtimable value, will not ye
Feel your warm hearts, with ſympathetic throbs,
Beat for a people, with unequal force,
'Gainſt lawleſs tyrants ſtruggling for the rights
Of human nature?—Will not kings ariſe,
And reſcue, from ſuch foul indignity,
An hapleſs monarch, in the full career
Of virtue and beneficence oppos'd?

Ell. The gold of Ruſſia flow'd in copious ſtreams
'Midſt his unworthy nobles. Hence, your councils
Were fill'd with turbulence, and blaſted all
The heav'n-taught projects of a god-like mind.

Alv. What doom awaits him, worthy, as he is,
Of ev'ry bleſſing that the mortal ſtate
May feel or may beſtow?—Indignity,

The cutting anguiſh that ingratitude,
And diſappointment in the faireſt aims,
Bring to the feeling mind, the conſciousneſs,
With ev'ry virtue that adorns a throne,
That ev'n thoſe virtues hurl him from the throne,
They gain'd at firſt! He yet may cloſe the courſe
Of troublous and diſhonour'd royalty,
A needy exile from his native land,
The victim of ambition not his own;
May wear in bonds the poor diſaſtrous remnant
Of doubtful being, or, untimely, fall,
By ſome aſſaſſin's hand.

Ell. Sure, providence
Hath ends to us unknown.

Alv. The crimes of men
And furious paſſions may be inſtruments
To work events that, from the birth of time,
Th' eternal had prepar'd. The murderers,
Pirates, and conquerors, that fill this earth
With bloodſhed and diſmay, with private mourning
And public ruin, have their deſtin'd uſe;
Yet, not the more ſhall ſuch acquitted ſtand,
Before th' Almighty judge.

Ell. Blame not the Ruſſians;
Reluctant engines in the hand of pow'r,
Not theirs the guilt of crimes they perpetrate;
Devoid of ſentiment, and ſcarce endow'd
With reas'ning faculties, the wretched peaſants,

Driv'n, like the brutes they drive; and, like the ſoil
They till, from man to man, transferr'd for gold,
Are dragg'd to war by tyranny's ſtrong hand.
Patient to ſuffer, ruthleſs to inflict;
Prepar'd to bleed, or butcher, ſcourge of man,
Firm and immoveable, fierce and relentleſs,
Their bands are cruel, from a two-fold cauſe,
The want of feeling and the ſenſe of pain.

Alv. Oh happy Britons! ye are darling ſons
Of bounteous providence, ordain'd to live
Beneath the temp'rate rule of equal laws.
The toiling peaſant, in his humble cot,
Looks round, and finds himſelf as ſafe and free,
As the proud lord within his gilded palace.

Ell. Why ſhould the people thank the pow'rs benign,
That bid them live beneath an equal rule,
As for the bleſſings of the ſoil and air?
They are themſelves the rule; ſlaves make a tyrant,
Freemen a righteous king. There muſt be tyrants,
Robbers, and conquerors, while human kind
O'erſpread this earth, and act th' abhorr'd commands
Of vile caprice and boundleſs luſt of pow'r.

Alv. His victories deſtroy'd the Swediſh Charles;
Defeats continued taught a ſluggiſh foe
To know the trade of war and riſe renew'd,
Like ſtrong Antæus dreadful in his fall,
From ev'ry overthrow, 'till, in the cloſe,
They overthrew their teacher. Thoughtleſs Britain,

If I miſdeem not, has the Ruſſian taught
Leſſons againſt herſelf. The trade of arms
By ſea and land ; the dreadful architecture
Of floating fortreſſes ; the wond'rous ſcience
That bids thoſe mighty maſſes move, obedient,
In marſhall'd ſquadrons, at the ſignal giv'n,
For man's deſtruction. Ruſſia yet may cope
With Britain for dominion of the deeps,
By nature fenc'd with mighty bulwarks round,
More ſtrong than art, or induſtry, could frame ;
Vaſt rivers, trackleſs foreſts, frozen ſeas.
Patient of toils, by perils undiſmay'd—
Content with little, to command ſubmiſs ;
Each Ruſſian is a ſoldier, when ambition
Claims his exiſtence, for the ſway ſupreme
Knows not control nor bound. The great, the mean,
Feel it alike, nor laws, nor privilege,
Manners, nor cuſtoms, that in other realms
Confine deſpotic pow'r, th' exertions check
Of ſweeping and impartial tyranny.
The wild ambition of the kings of Europe,
Their ſelfiſh projects and inteſtine jars,
Will leave them open to th' encroaching pow'r ;
Give her but ſpace and footing where to ſtand,
And ſhe will move the globe. A day ſhall come,
When Ruſſia's giant arm, o'er Europe ſtretch'd,
Shall humble in the duſt her antient pow'rs :
This Britain ſees not, while ſhe cheriſhes

A youngling bear, nor finds the time approach,
When the tame ſavage ſhall devour his keeper.

Ell. I cannot think the danger, as you paint.
The Ruſſian greatneſs tow'rs with Catharine;
And may with her ſubſide. The mighty ſtructure
Is held together by the wond'rous talents,
And maſculine ambition, of a female,
Whoſe life is in the wane. Remove the ſpirit,
The guiding genius, whoſe ſtrong influence
Breathes thro' the whole, informing ev'ry part,
And emanates attraction to cement
The jarring members; all, disjointed, ſink,
Smote by the ſpirit of diſcord, like the parts
Of that terrific heterogeneous form,
In Belus' viſion ſeen, earth, iron, braſs,
Each to its element. The worſhipt thing,
Wonder of nations, the gigantic idol,
Is ſeen no more.

Alv. Our hopes on Britain reſt,
Of ſhelter from the ſtorm. Ye gen'rous hearts
And valiant hands, will ye be paſſive then,
And ſee a ſuff'ring and a gallant people,
O'ermatch'd and ſinking in a glorious cauſe,
Good-faith and virtue ſpurn'd, freedom o'erthrown,
Her ſhrine demoliſh'd by the ſavage hand,
Of lawleſs uſurpation?—

Ell. Britain's king
Is wiſe and juſt; his thoughts are ever bent,

To guard the nation's honour, and conſult
The public welfare. What th' occaſion ſuits
Will ſurely be perform'd. Meantime, rely
On providence, which ne'er forſakes the good.
But ſavage Herman comes, now, ſhalt thou hear
The very ſpirit of devouring war
Breathe from his lips; O 'tis a partiſan,
Worthy, indeed, of this deſtructive cauſe.

SCENE III.

Enter, HERMAN, *with a Turkiſh priſoner.*

Herm. Where is your prophet now? Is ſuch the care,
Of his elected flock? Say infidel,
And liberty be thine, with rich reward,
Of precious ore and gems; where ſhall we find
The walls moſt vulnerable? Hitherto,
They mock our utmoſt efforts; on theſe rocks
Myriads are caſt away.

Turk. Inſulting Chriſtian,
Moſt vulnerable will ye find our walls,
Where Ottomans are wanting.

Herm. Sullen ſlave,
Tortures, thou unbelieving dog, ſhall force
The ſecret from thee; bear him to the rack.
Turk. I ſcorn the menace. Bed-rid luxury,
Full oft, endures much more than all your malice
Can on this frame inflict: ye can but kill.
Alv. 'Tis baſe to taunt a captive. Gen'rous minds
Will love a valiant foe, ev'n when he ſtands
In hoſtile arms oppos'd; but violence
And injury, to thoſe the chance of war
Hath plac'd within thy pow'r, yet wants a name
Of vile opprobrium to denote its baſeneſs.
Herm. Theſe are the maxims of you Poles and Engliſh;—
Soft, ſilky, ſpirits not deſign'd for war,
But am'rous combats, and the bed of down,
And courts and gay attire; they do not ſway
The hardy Coſſac.—On thy peril, ſlave!—
Thy ſole protection is veracity;
My ſword thirſts for thy blood, and ſcarce refrains;—
Where do the mines extend?
Turk. The dread exploſion,
When daſh'd abroad ye ſee your ſcatter'd ranks
Hurl'd into air and torn, will tell you then,
Where lie the Turkiſh mines.
Herm. Thou boaſtive fool,
This vain parade of bravery will fail,
At near approach of death. Thy life is ours;

Thou muſt redeem it, by ſome worthy ſervice:
Thou knowſt the ſafe approaches to the port,
Conduct our valiant bands.

Turk. Am I a Chriſtian?—
'Mongſt Chriſtians ſeek for traitors; they have learn'd
To buy and ſell deceit. Our Ottomans
With weapons fight; not fraud, and ſpurn a lie,
Ev'n in their country's cauſe. But you, compos'd
Of wily arts, to treachery reſort
In combat baffled;—then, the villain ſeeks
Congenial villainy and finds a mate;
Ye try the magic of reſiſtleſs gold,
And win ignoble conqueſts.

Herm. Periſh, ſlave!—

SCENE IV.

Enter SUWARROW.

Suwar. Forbear the captive.—Comprehenſive death
Awaits thy ſword.—Now Herman is the time;
Thy fiery-low'ring eye and gloomy brow
Beſpeak thee apt for miſchief. I have ſeen thee,

Unmov'd at ſeaſons, when the ſmalleſt ſpark
Of pity, hadſt thou borne it in thy breaſt,
Had kindled to a flame, and melted down
Thine iron nature. I have ſeen thee urge
Thy trampling ſteed, to ſpurn the panting boſom
Of the pale bleeding wretch that cry'd for mercy;
I've ſeen thy carabine diſgorge in flame
Its murd'rous freight againſt the backs unarm'd
Of thoſe that fled; thy falchion lov'd to rage
When battle was no more, and age alone,
Childhood, or the defenceleſs tender ſex,
To cruelty was offer'd, 'till its edge,
Worn down with murder, ſeconded no more
Thy fury; I have ſeen thee toſs the flames,
From roof to roof, and tear the innocent,
Deſtin'd for violation, from the arms
Of her white rev'rend ſire.

Herm. 'Tis true; I love
The glorious miſchief. What a cheering ſight,
To mark the grinning forms of various death,
In all his ghaſtly ſhapes! To ſee the Sun
Devour the weltring ſoil o'erſpread with limbs
Of mangled enemies, and drink their blood
To ſurfeiting, 'till putrid miſts ariſe,
And ev'ry cloud roll denſe and black with death.
No muſic, to this ear, like pealing burſts
Of cannon, mingled with victorious ſhout,
The vanquiſh'd outcry, and th' expiring groan!

Suwar. Rejoice, my warrior, hail th' eventful day,
To Herman ſacred and illuſtrious horror.
Muſter thy Coſſacs, for I have a taſk
Worthy of them and thee; convene them here,
I have moſt welcome tidings for their ears.
Danger and booty.—How I love the flames,
Of warlike rage that menace in their eyes.

Herm. Danger alone is to the Coſſac dear,
Danger with booty dearer; but with booty
And bold Suwarrow join'd 'tis dear as heav'n.

[*Exit* Herman.

SCENE V.

SUWARROW, ALVINZY, and ELLIOT.

Suwar. Think me not cruel; I have felt the charms
Of ſweet ſociety, and prov'd the joy
That graces acts of mercy; but my ſtation,
Commander of a fierce and ſavage hoſt,
Bids me aſſume enforc'd barbarity.
War is a trade, and he who would attain,
To maſtery, muſt underſtand his tools.
Not mine the bands that nobly pant for fame,

They know not temp'rate valour free from rage,
Nor warlike effort without thirſt of blood;
I uſe them as they are, and muſt ſuggeſt,
When I would urge them to ſome enterprize
Of labour infinite and deſp'rate hazard,
Such arguments as ſuit their brutal natures.
For them, I drop the human character,
And ſpeak and act the Coſſac. Yet one charge,

[*To* Elliot.

Grateful to thee, as to a gallant Briton,
And truly worthy of that charge, I give.—
With ſkill—and courage equal to that ſkill,
A valiant Engliſhman has taught the foe
Such a defence, as turn'd us from their walls
With loſs of thouſands; but the time is come,
And Ruſſia muſt prevail. A gen'ral ſlaughter
Cloſes the ſcene; that Briton be thy care;
From death preſerve him, for I love the brave,
And with diſtinguiſh'd ardour love a Briton.
Next, were it poſſible, but much I fear
Thy beſt exertions will be found too weak,
Should we prevail, to guard from violation
Th' unhappy females clos'd within yon walls.

Ell. Why to another delegate the care,
That aptly ſuits thyſelf? Art thou aſham'd
Of noble mercy, that from Elliot's hand,
Not from Suwarrow, the defenceleſs female
Muſt for protection ſeek?

Suwar. Thou little knowſt
The painful, difficult, pre-eminence
I hold amidſt theſe bands. I am a man;
Yet duty, if it may be duty call'd,
Or rather my ambition, bids me ſeem
A monſter among monſters, fiend with fiends.

SCENE VI.

Enter HERMAN, *with his* COSSACS, RUSSIAN GENERALS, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.

Herm. Valiant Suwarrow, lead us to the foe,
Staunch dogs of war, to chace, to ſeize, to rend.
My hardy train have fought, have bled, have died;
They muſt be recompens'd; for ev'ry Chriſtian,
We claim ten Infidels.
1ſt. Coſ. My brother fell,
In fight un-wearied, fierceſt of our tribe.
2d. Coſ. We thirſt, we hunger, for the promis'd victims.
Suwar. Thou, Vlaſco, with thy band of pioneers,
Like terriers that purſue the wolf or fox,
Dive deep in earth, and there maintain dark war;
'Till force expanſive ſhake th' incumbent ſoil,

With vaſt exploſion, and you riſe to day.

Coſſacs. Blood, blood !—the ſpirits of our comrades ſlain,
Are loud for blood, for vengeance, and for blood !*

Suwar. The ramparts ſhall be drench'd, the fatal walls,
The price of myriads, ſhall be purpled o'er
With ſtreaming blood, and ſtrew'd with mangled limbs.

1ſt. Coſ. The ſun's red orbit on the Danube gleams,
With fiery miſt ſurrounded, let us haſte.

Suwar. In ſeven ſtrong columns to the walls we move.
We periſh, or we carry them ; 'twere ſhame
If Infidels ſhould baffle us, who fight
Beneath the bleſſed croſs. Ye valiant Coſſacs,
The dread of Ottomans, welcome the day,
Reſerv'd for vengeance. All of you have loſt
Friends, fathers, brothers ;—if revenge is dear,
The time is come ; or, if ye value gold,
Ye ſhall be glutted. If the pow'rful beam
Of beauty can allure,—I ſee a ray
Of pleaſure lighten on your cloudy fronts,—
Circaſſia's daughters bide within thoſe walls :
Would ye poſſeſs them ; ye muſt force your way
Thro' blood, thro' fire, thro' ſtone ; all ſhall be yours,
If ye will win them : but ye firſt muſt quell
Their jealous keepers.

2d. Coſ. Lead us to the charge.
No talk of pleaſure, 'till we firſt have paid

* This character of the Coſſacs is not exaggerated.

The debt of vengeance; our companions ſlain,
Unburied, welter, and the Turkiſh dogs
Devour their fleſh, and tear their mangled limbs.
Suwar. The garriſon ſhall bleed, a dire example
Of vain reſiſtance to the conq'ring ſword.
Live but enough, to ſerve as meſſengers,
And bear our vengeance and our triumphs wide.
Walls, ramparts, ev'n the ſtreets be ſoak'd with blood,
To you I give the people; mark your prey,
And ruſh to ſeize it, exerciſe your rage,
Be great in puniſhment, let Ottomans
Tremble, at mention of the Ruſſian name.
1ſt. Coſ. Oh cheering ſounds, hail brave Suwarrow, hail,
Waſte not the time in ſpeeches; bid us act.
Suwar. And I will bid you act illuſtrious things.
The gallies wait; thou, Herman, with thy band,
Eſſay new war; the veſſels ſhall be moor'd
Along the ſhore where, fronting to the Danube,
The ramparts are leſs ſtrong; there diſembark
Beneath the vault of death, that overhead
The veſſels ſhall diſcharge. To ſtimulate
Your diligence, and daring; know, the foe
Have there collected ſhallops, and embark'd
Their women and their treaſures. Haſte my friends.

[*Exeunt* Herman and Coſſacs.

SCENE VII.

SUWARROW, ALVINZY, and ELLIOT.
Ruſſian Generals.

An hour ere dawn we ſtorm; and ſep'rate now,
To meet no more, unleſs in victory.
Then brother ſcarce ſhall brother recognize,
Diſguis'd and painted with the blood of foes.
Then groaning air ſhall labour with the freight
Of death, in various forms. The ſky ſhall glare
One univerſal blaze. Brave cavaliers,
Reſign* your ſteeds; a new but glorious ſervice,
For courage and obedience, ye muſt learn,—
To climb the narrow breach abrupt and ſteep,
And ſlipp'ry in aſcent, as mountain crags,
Where the fleet Chamois ſcarce could footing find,
And ſee deſtruction gape, a depth immenſe,
To ſwallow you below, no head muſt then
Turn dizzy, nerves relax, or ſtout heart fail.

* The Ruſſian cavalry were actually obliged to diſmount, to aſſiſt in the ſtorm.

I will not hide your dangers, but diſplay;
For, well I know, 'twill emulation rouſe:
And, truſt me, fellow ſoldiers, ye ſhall prove
No dangers 'till ye ſee Suwarrow's foot
Advanc'd before you, I will ne'er ſurvive
My brave companions; when the fortreſs yields,
Yours be the profit; fame alone be mine;
For to my brave companions I relinquiſh
The gen'ral's portion, in the ſpoils of Iſmail.

[*Exeunt* Ruſſians &c.

SCENE VIII.

SUWARROW, *ſolus.*

Cover'd with wounds, the vigour of my days,
With my beſt blood, is flown. I have provok'd
A premature decrepitude, and loſt
The health, and ſtrength, and pleaſure of my life,
To ſwell the ſum of proud Potemkin's worth,
To raiſe th' aſpiring minion of caprice,
The domineering ſlave of appetite,
Province on province won, our toil and blood

Are laviſh'd all to feed his vaſt ambition.
To ſlake th' imperial thirſt of kingly ſway,
And found a dynaſty of proud Potemkins.

Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Ramparts of Iſmail.

Enter, HEMED EFFENDI, *ſolus.*

MERCIFUL Alla, how inſcrutable
Are thy decrees! Why ſhould thy creature man,
Form'd with benign affections and deſire
Of ſweet ſociety, and prone to melt
With ſympathetic ſorrow, why ſhould he
Thus widely deviate from his end and nature,
To learn the taſk of fiends? Beneath the ſoil,
Unhappy men with rage inhuman meet,
In pitchy darkneſs wrapt, with fiend-like yell,
Reſounding hideous thro' the diſmal vaults,
The ſcene of death, confuſion, and diſmay,

Where human malice ranſacks ev'ry pow'r
Of deſolation, more like ſavage ſtrife,
Of beaſts for dens contending, than the war,
Of man's erected ſpecies. Chemic pow'rs,
Mechanic pow'rs, as tho' the ſtrength of man,
Single, and unaſſiſted, were too ſlow
To butcher his own brethren, lend their aid,
To ſpread diffuſive havock, and enlarge
Our puny to gigantic powers of ill.

SCENE II.

Enter, OSMAN, *with* TURKISH CAPTAINS.

Oſm. Eight times, the foe, by bold Suwarrow led,
Came on outrageous, and as oft recoil'd,
Of half his numbers thin'd. All-righteous Alla
Proſpers our arms, and ſmites the Chriſtian heart.
Haſte, Ali, let our bands reſerv'd advance.—
Now, ſervants of the faithful, let your deeds
Be worthy of your cauſe; a voice from heav'n
Reſounds, again it calls for great exertions.
Ye true believers hear; th' all-ſeeing God,
And his moſt holy prophet look from heav'n,

Witneſs divine—O 'tis their choſen hour
With ſhrieks of rage and deadly execrations
Again the foes come on; repel them now,
And Iſmail is preſerv'd.—Haſte, Ali, haſte,
Myriads have fall'n, yet, inexhauſtible,
New myriads fill their place, and bulwarks form
Of lifeleſs bodies.

Hemed Ef. Late we heard a din,
As tho' the thunders of this vault of air
Were in one craſh combin'd, the bulwarks ſhook
Trembled the ground, as with inteſtine ſhock
Of lab'ring earthquakes, dark and livid ſmoak
In lingering columns o'er the day prevail'd;
And then, we heard an univerſal ſhriek,
As if a nation periſh'd.

Oſm. So it was.
The foes advanc'd; the ſolid-ſeeming plain
Was all convuls'd, as by an earthquake's force;
A ſound than thunder louder follow'd next;
And earth was rent aſunder; dire beneath,
Diſgorging flames, and ſmoak, and volley'd rocks,
Ev'n to the cope of heav'n, a black abyſs
Gap'd wide to ſwallow them commix'd with rocks,
And ſhiver'd fragments of the broken ſoil.
Their crowded ranks were toſt aloft in air
With hideous ruin, and diſpers'd abroad,
Members, and headleſs trunks, and heads disjoin'd
Diſtilling ſhow'rs of gore, with ſcatter'd arms,

Artillery, and enſigns, hurl'd aloft.
Others ingulph'd, the fatal ſoil o'erwhelm'd,
Or bury'd half, more lamentable doom,
In vain, they ſtruggled, and with piercing cries.
To their companions call'd, and ſtretch'd their weapons,
In the commotion dire their ſcatter'd arms,
Transfix'd their owners.

Re-enter, ALI.

Ali. Valiant Oſman, haſte.
I have array'd our ſole remaining hope,
In numbers weak, but ſtrong in conſtancy,
Our ſouls are pledg'd by ſolemn vows to heav'n,
We periſh or prevail.
Oſm. Hear gallant friends,
Hear, holy prophet, righteous Alla, hear
The vows of Oſman; for by ev'ry tie
Of human faith, that pledges man to man,
Or mortal to his God; I give my ſoul
Devoted to my country. To theſe walls
My being is attach'd, to them I grow
Henceforth inſeparable; let them ſtand,
Or let them fall; ſo live, or periſh, Oſman,
In two battalions let our force divide.
Thou, Ali, to the ſtation, where brave Lennox

With force unwearied, yet maintains the fight ;
I to the centre haſte, where Amurath,
Preſs'd by ſuperior numbers ſcarcely holds
The ſavage foes at bay. On, valiant friends,
To glory certain, but, if Alla wills,
To victory with glory.

Hemed Ef. Valiant Oſman,
What wouldſt thou to thy daughter ?

Oſm. Never words
Sounded ſo importune ; is this a time ?
War knows not human feelings, human ties.
I have no daughter ; I disclaim all care,
Senſe, thought, and feeling, but the ſenſe of duty.
I know no kindred, but theſe valiant men,
Brethren in arms. My children are theſe tow'rs,
And this ſtrong place, their parent, is my love ;
The conſort of my ſoul ; and death alone
Our loves ſhall ſep'rate.—On, my valiant friends. [*Alarm.*

[*Exeunt.* Oſman, Hemed Effendi, Ali, *and the other* Turkiſh Captains.

SCENE III.

Changes to the Lines of the Ruſſians, before Iſmail.

Enter, SUWARROW, ALVINZY, and ELLIOT, *with other* RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

Suwar. Let valiant Orlof, Sief, and Valinſky,
Bring up their cohorts to the fiery charge.
Let Reſan's ſquadrons, by ſtout Elitz led,
With Narva's legion join, and Moſcow's band,
And proud Pultowa's ranks that boaſt a name
Of dreadful omen to the foes of Ruſſia.

Alv. Still, ſtill, our bands fall back; wide and more wide,
Confuſion ſpreads; theſe Ottomans oppoſe
A courage more than human.

Suwar. Hear ye this,
Croatians, Coſſacs, and ye Ruſſian bands?
Hear ye not this, and will ye not revenge?
Go, drink the blood of foes, in ſlaughter wade,
And paint the walls with crimſon. O what ſcenes
Of exultation, when ye toſs the flames

From roof to roof, oh what a feſtival,
In honour of your Empreſs! What a pile
Funereal ſhall emblaze your butcher'd friends!
Your horſes' manes with clotted blood be died,
A glorious hue, the turban of a foe
From ev'ry helmet ſtream, and ev'ry ſabre
Shall be ennobled with the glorious ruſt,
Of mighty carnage.—Say what bringſt thou Haller?

Enter, to them, a Ruſſian Officer.

Hall. Our valiant Coſſacs on the beach have form'd.
While from the gallies, a tremendous fire,
Silenc'd our enemies.—Againſt the bulwarks
They ruſh impetuous with terrific cries;
Now, ſecond their exertions, preſs the foe,
Perplex'd, confounded, by the two-fold danger.
Suwar. Call up the laſt reſerve this final charge,
For conqueſt, or deſtruction of our hoſt.
Ell. Hark, hark, that dire exploſion, and the cries
Of pain and horror, from the walls of Iſmail,
Are on the breezes roll'd, as from a number
Of wretches periſhing. The ſhrieks redouble.
The whole horizon flames. The ruddy clouds
And ſhow'rs of ſtreamy ſparks o'er day prevail,

The flames thro' Ismail spread.

Suwar. O welcome sound!

The flames fight for us; Herman, with his Cossacs,
Ere this prevail, and on the Ramparts place
The Christian ensigns; let their brave example
Your emulation rouse. On, on, my friends.
True, ye must climb o'er bloody mangled heaps
Of slain and wounded, but press on the more,
And, as ye hear a lamentable cry
Push'd from the trampled bosom of some wretch,
As o'er his wounds ye pass; O pause not therefore,
But let his agonizing groans resound
An exhortation, to illustrious deeds
Of vengeful courage. See, your lifeless brethren,
Heapt to the sky, a mournful Rampart form.
Haste, rush, assail the foe—they are dismay'd.
This only moment in the womb of time—
Rush, fight, oh dally not.—This moment lost,
It never shall return. Alvinzy, Elliot,
Hurl all our standards* to the infidels—
Now fight and conquer; or be infamous.
I cannot move; this body is one wound;
Sustain me, bear me on your valiant arms,
And place me on the Ramparts; you yourselves
Shall save or kill your leader.—So, well done,

* This circumstance actually took place at the Siege of Ismail. Vide Note at the end of this Play.

I fought the foes whilſt I could wield a ſabre,
Now ſtand I here the mark of their revenge,
Doom'd by my ſoldiers.—Will ye ſee me periſh?
Deſtroy thoſe infidels,—regain your enſigns.—
On, on, for vengeance, glory, and Suwarrow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Within the walls of Iſmail.

Enter, SAIDI, *alone.*

Oh dreadful conſciousneſs! How my ſoul labours
With its dire ſecret! What a fatal duty!
It ſoon muſt be perform'd. Our holy prophet
Has heard my ſolemn vow. I muſt be firm.
What other means, from ſuff'rings worſe than death,
Preſerve the blood of Oſman? What is death?
A gentle ſleep, this phial is deſign'd,
To call the gloomy, but the welcome gueſt,
In ſome mild form. A father's anxious love,
Preparing this ſad preſent, for the child
Of his affection, did not, ſure, neglect

This merciful precaution; both to ſpare
The feeling, and the thought. This ponyard elſe—
But well he knew, I wanted pow'r to wield it.
And can'ſt thou boaſt ſuch virtue? Were I free,
[*Looking at the Phial.*
To prove thy mortal ſtrength, and ſink to peace!
Sacred depoſit, thou muſt be reſerv'd
For nobler purpoſes, and I muſt linger,
And drag the galling chain of vile exiſtence.
Proud office mine! A ſlave ſhall freedom give
To valiant Oſman's daughter.—What a daughter!
And from what horrid doom! Yet, knowing this,
The dreadful thought of what I muſt perform
So rends my heart, I cannot bear her eyes.
Precipitate I fled, or ſure my tears
The ſecret had betray'd. I muſt return;—
Inſenſible of danger, tho' the hail
Of miſſive iron oft around her falls,
Where yon high tow'r o'erlooks the doubtful fight,
Immoveable ſhe ſits; her eyes are fix'd
Where ſhe has pictur'd to her working thought
Her father's ſtation; tho' too far remov'd
To ſee or hear; yet ſtill imagination
'Midſt clouds of ſmoak, and clamours indiſtinct,
Perſuades her, that ſhe can behold her ſire,
And hear him rouſe his cohorts.

SCENE V.

Enter, ALCAIDE.

Alca. Gracious Alla,
Why art thou abſent? O ye walls of Iſmail,
Fall'n, fall'n, to riſe no more! What dreadful cries!
From houſe to houſe, athwart each avenue,
The rolling flames are hurl'd; the frantic crowd
By fires encircled, whereſo'er they turn,
The conflagration meet; that roaring drives
With haſty march, to ſeize the deſtin'd tow'rs.
And as they ruſh along, the hiſſing flames
Drink up the blood of man, that largely flows
In all the channels.

Saidi. Still, our glorious Oſman
And that illuſtrious Briton guard theſe tow'rs.

Alca. In vain, in vain; our braveſt troops have fall'n;
Our ſoldiers faint with toil; and ſtill the foes,
Unterrify'd by ſlaughter, from their camp
Exhauſtleſs myriads pour. To fill the place,
Of proſtrate myriads, and renew their ranks
As tho' the earth had teem'd with armed men.

SCENE VI.

Enter, to them, ZULIMA and THEODORA,

Zul. I can diſcern brave Omar, thro' the crowd,
In haſte returning, he ſupports a Chriſtian.—
Merciful Alla, wherefore ſhould this Chriſtian
Riſe foremoſt in my thoughts? O nature, duty,
Forgive my wand'rings. Near my valiant ſire [*Aſide.*
Was Omar's ſtation;—Why has he retir'd?
Oh can my father? Prophet of the faithful,
Is then my ſire no more? Shall Iſmail bow
Her ſtately turrets? Muſt our creſcent yield?
Lives my brave father? Fights he? Is he ſafe?

SCENE VII.

Enter, OMAR, *with* WILLIAM, *wounded, attended by ſoldiers.*

Omar. Thy father is unhurt; and ſtill atchieves
Such prodigies of valour as amaze

Ev'n us who know his proweſs ; but the foe
Aſtoniſh'd feel, as if the fatal angel
Wav'd o'er their heads the ſword of wrath divine.
My miſſion is accompliſh'd ; I have borne thee
[*To* William.
Safe thro' th' embattled ranks.

Will. Waſte not thy care,
On one ſo mean, amidſt the common danger.
Return, brave Omar, to my maſter's ſide ;
Aſſiſt him with ſtrong arm ; ſhould ye ſurvive
This mortal day, protect my poor remains
From dogs and fowls of air ; and let me reſt
Within this earth ; my maſter, ſure, will pay
That pious duty to his faithful ſervant.

Omar. Briton, ſhould I ſurvive, that care be mine.
[*Exit* Omar.

Will. Oh Britain, happy Britain, never more
Shall theſe parch'd lips inhale your temp'rate air.
Farewell white cliffs, no more theſe ſwimming eyes
Delighted ſhall behold you ; O my parents,
I periſh immature ; no more your ſon
Shall claſp your rev'rend knees ; oh my lov'd ſiſter,
I hop'd—alas ! hope is for ever fled.

Zul. Is this, then death ! O what a ghaſtly form !
How pale ! how chang'd his viſage ! And the blood
Flows from his ſide.—What tremors ſhake his frame !
Oh father, Lennox,—muſt ye come to this ?

My ſoul is ſick to death—Oh Theodora,
Support me; lead me from this ſcene of horror.

[*Exeunt* Zulima, Theodora, and Saidi.

Alca. Bear hence the wounded Briton, let your cares,
If cares may life prolong, or ſooth the pang—
The ſhrieks re-double and the din of war,
Nearer and nearer, on the breezes rolls.

SCENE VIII.

Enter, to him, Ali.

Ali. Mourn, Iſmail, mourn; thy guardian is no more.
That eye of council, and that lance of war
Is trampled in the duſt. Mourn, mourn, ye tow'rs.
The ruddy flames, that curl aloft in air,
Wait to devour you.

Alca. Yes, our walls muſt ſink.
Oſman has fall'n, and all our hopes are fled.

Ali. Continued fight thin'd our courageous ranks,
While bath'd in blood, part hoſtile, part his own,
Brave Oſman fought undaunted, but the fall
Of his companions left his ſide unguarded
And naked to the foe, who ſpy'd the vantage,

And all at once aſſail'd him, as he dealt
Un-erring death.—A Coſſac pierc'd his ſide,
And he recoil'd ſome ſpace; yet not diſmay'd,
Repell'd th' aſſault; the ſavage bit the duſt.
But now the ſource of life and ſtrength ebb'd faſt,
The foes preſt furious onward; Oſman fell,
O'erwhelm'd with heaps of ſlain, and undiſtinguiſh'd,
In the wide carnage, from the vulgar ſlain.
Seek out fair Zulima, and faithful Saidi
The ſlave of Oſman.

[*To ſome of the attendants, who go out in conſequence.*

With his parting breath,
As at my ſide he ſunk—" To Saidi, haſte;
" My daughter is his care; bid him remember."

Alca. The foes pour on reſiſtleſs; death and ruin,
Rivers of blood, and agonizing ſhrieks
Announce their march.—Spirit of mighty Oſman,
Where art thou? Sure with Alla; for from God
Thy Godlike ſpirit came. Thy labours paſt,
'Tis thine to ſhare the fullneſs of delight,
Appointed for the juſt.

Ali. His eyes are ſpar'd
Heart-rending objects. As I hither preſt
Thro' foes, and flying crowds, and ſmoak, and flame;
The wretched females crowded to the port,*

* It appears from the accounts of the capture of Iſmail, that a great number of Turkiſh ladies, who attempted to eſcape, by water, from the place, early in the aſſault, fell into the hands of the Coſſacs.

With anxious viſages, wherein deſpair
Was darkly mix'd with hope. The Coſſac band—
All avenues are clos'd—moſt wretched women.
No proſpect but deſpair, no hand but death.

SCENE IX.

Enter, ZULIMA, *with* THEODORA, and SAIDI.

Zul. The valiant Ali here! What from my ſire?
No trivial embaſſy recalls thy ſteps,
From thy proud ſtation, at my father's ſide.

Ali. At Oſman's ſide, my ſtation! Child of ſorrow!
Too ſoon—too ſoon—remember, faithful Saidi.
So ſpeaks thy maſter, by the lips of Ali.

Saidi. The mandate giv'n by Oſman ſtill reſounds,
Within theſe ears, nor repetition needs.
Fair Zulima ſhall learn, when time requires—
I know what thou canſt ſay; but ſpare her ſoul
The pangs of mortal grief.

[*Aſide to* Ali.

Zul. How fares my ſire?—
Does he remain unhurt? In happy hour,

Be that enquiry utter'd ; gracious Alla,
Protect my ſire ! They ſay the Ruſſians fly,
And yet the din, that thro' the city ſounds,
And near approaches, ſeems not exultation,
But horror and deſpair. Still thou art mute,
In pity, anſwer me ; how fares my ſire ?

Ali. Well as the favoured of our holy prophet,
Well as the virtuous and the brave can fare.

Zul. Yet once more I would aſk—

Saidi. My ſoul, be firm. [*Aſide.*
Now is the time, when Oſman is no more,
To prove myſelf deſerving of my truſt,
The guardian of his child. O what a guardian !
The ſhouts roll hither. Fiends, in human form,
Are at the murd'rous work with brandiſh'd ſabre.

SCENE X.

Enter, HEMED EFFENDI.

Hemed Ef. Wide o'er the city ſpread the ſavage band,
And each with other vies in butchery.
On ev'ry hand are heard the ſhrieks of ſlaughter,

And miſerable females, that in vain—
Seek the relief of death. The tender infants,
Daſh'd from their mother's arms, againſt the pavements;
Lie welt'ring in their blood. The channels flow,
With ſtreams of human gore; the ſtreets are choak'd,
With lifeleſs carcaſſes, the fugitives,
Frantic with terror, hurry to and fro,
From death to death. From ſavage band to band,
Each, fiercer than the former.

Zul. Where is Oſman?
Gone, gone; no more to view yon bleſſed orb.
O tongue deceitful, never had the foe,
On Iſmail ruſh'd, but o'er his trampled breaſt.

Saidi. O ſov'reign Panacea of human ills; [*Aſide.*
And can it be, that in ſuch narrow ſpace
I hold exiſtence, or releaſe from care,
A pow'r almoſt divine? Now, to perform
The ſolemn act. Sweet unſuſpecting victim
Breathe ſoft ye winds, ye weſtern gales ariſe,
And whiſper her to death. So, now 'tis paſt.
Now mighty ſpirit, now, receive thy child.

[*He breaks the Phial, containing the poiſonous compoſition.*

Zul. Oh what delicious odours, on the breeze,
Are wafted to my brain! Never before,
Tho' mine were all the perfumes of the eaſt,
Breath'd I ſuch heav'nly vapour. Sure, it ſeem'd
An angel's breath, on flow'rs of paradiſe.
Cool and refreſhing, to my heart it ſtrikes

A tingling languiſhment, a rapt'rous feeling
That words cannot expreſs. But now, an heat
Succeeds, an univerſal tremor, and my tongue
Is parch'd with thirſt, my hurried ſenſes feel
A ſtrange confuſion.

Hemed Ef. Faithful Saidi fly;
And bear this virgin, to ſome ſafe retreat.
If ſuch theſe walls afford.

Saidi. It is my care;
I have provided her a ſafe retreat,
That Ruſſians ſhall revere, and ev'n the Coſſac
Shall fear to violate. This Chriſtian too,
Such privilege her ſervices demand,
Shares the protection. As for me, the ſword
Can take but little from th' appointed time
Already in the wane.

Zul. A dawning light
Gleams on my ſoul, my father is no more—
'Tis ſo—your looks aſſure me of the truth.
The cries of fear, the general diſmay,
Tell me he is no more; farewell brave ſhade,
He periſh'd, as he ought, in glorious fight.
I will not mourn him; for I feel within
What thou haſt done, it was my father's will,
[*To* Saidi.
And gladly I obey.—O Theodora,
Come near me, thou, in life, my lov'd companion
In death ſhalt not be ſever'd. Let me hold thee,

Thus, hand in hand, will we purſue our journey
Like ſiſters; tho' disjoin'd our natal ſoils,
And diff'rent were our tenets, but we go,
Where ſects ſhall be no more, and mighty truth
Cloudleſs and pure, pervading ev'ry mind
Exalted ſpirits all ſhall think alike
And join in adoration of their God.

Theo. My hand is chill. I feel the poiſon ſpread
Its mortal influence; and along the veins,
A tingling numbneſs ſhoots, that ſeems to ſooth
The ſenſes to a trance. Never was pain
So near ally'd to pleaſure; never death
Came in ſo mild a form, like ſome kind nurſe
He gently ſooths, and whiſpers us to reſt.

SCENE XI.

Enter, LENNOX, *wounded, ſupported by* ELLIOT.

Len. Thanks, valiant country-man; a little onward
Suſtain my limbs. So—fortune is propitious.
O Zulima my ſpirit is prepar'd,
To wing her flight, and bear thy father tidings,
Of thoſe he lov'd on earth. I ſoon ſhall join
That glorious ſhade. I know that we ſhall meet.

Souls form'd to love, and by th' Almighty pair'd
Creeds ſhall not ſep'rate; they may ſpread diſſenſion,
And rage, and warfare, 'mongſt miſtaken men,
Whilſt here on earth they wander, but in heav'n,
Such vain diſtinctions are forgotten. Truth
And virtue there, ſole enſigns, that diſtinguiſh,
The bleſt inhabitants. O Zulima,
I now am dying, happy to have ſhed,
My blood in virtue's cauſe, and with the truth.

Zul. I will not charge thee
With tidings to my father, that I live,
Free from diſhonour; for I know my ſhade
Is poſting to him, Theodora too,
Shall not remain behind. One only care
Diſturbs my parting moments, gallant ſtranger,
Thy garb proclaims thee Britiſh, and thy port
Of no mean ſtation in the conq'ring hoſt.
Behold this faithful ſlave; my father lov'd him,
Thou muſt have known brave Oſman,—Oſman's daughter
Expires before thee, with protecting hand
Preſerve this faithful creature, might I add
A further ſuit. Our lifeleſs bodies ſave
From cruel inſult, and with pious hand,
Depoſit them in earth. [Theodora *and* Zulima *Dies.*

Ell. Oh bitter fate
Of youth and beauty! War accurſed war,
Theſe are thy fruits. And is th' untimely grave,
Sole boon that rev'rend pity can beſtow

On ſuff'ring innocence? And this brave man,
Oh known too late, curſt fate, that Engliſhmen,
Deſign'd to be companions, form'd with minds,
To feel and venerate each other's worth,
Should, now, firſt meet, in the contending ranks
Of Infidel and Chriſtian. Gallant ſoul,
Would I could ſtay thy flight! but hoſtile ſwords
Have op'd too wide a door. What can I do!
What comfort give, to ſooth thy parting hour.
What ſolemn charge wouldſt thou to friends commit?
What meſſage haſt thou to thy parent ſoil,
Illuſtrious Britain, ſhould the pow'rs above,
Give me to reach her ſhores? What laſt adieu,
To thy lov'd parents, kindred, and the friends
Companions of thy youth?

Len. Long-time in earth
My parents ſleep. My kindred, and my friends,
Companions of my youth, will mourn my loſs.
In England thou wilt find my friends and kindred,
And know them; for their worth and rank are ſuch,
As make them ſought of honourable men
And gallant ſoldiers; ſhould they ſpeak of Lennox,
That urg'd by reſtleſs youth and thirſt of fame
The Turkiſh ſquadrons join'd; tell them I dy'd
As Britiſh ſoldiers ought; for thou ſhalt ſee me
Deſerve that eulogy.

Ell. Oh gallant ſpirit.
Could I redeem thy life, with part of mine,

How joyful were I to contract the ſpan,
By heav'n appointed me, farewell, farewell.
Smooth be thy paſſage to the realms of peace,
Len. How theſe have ſunk to reſt without a groan,
Death has embrac'd them, like a tender lover,
How ſparing of their beauties! Smiles ſerene,
Dwell on their lips! I ſoon ſhall follow them.
While I had blood to animate theſe limbs,
I fill'd the breach.—No more, O bleſſed ſun,
Shall I behold thy beams—the mortal hour—
Briton, farewell.—I know thy pious hand.
Ell. O ye, that ſit at home, and cry for war,
Abſorbed yourſelves in luxury and eaſe;
O were ye here, to ſee the dreadful thing,
For which without remorſe ye raiſe the cry!
What piteous havock of the human kind,
What multiplied affliction, direful ſcenes,
That outrage human nature. O ſhame, ſhame,
Ye vaunt your feelings, and of mercy talk,
And yet can pray for this; bluſh if ye can.
Where are the thouſands, that this morning ſhone!
With all the pride, and circumſtance of war,
In health, and ſtrength, and beauty?—O how chang'd!
What are they now? Some lifeleſs on the ground,
And ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the trampled clay
Some mangled hideous things, ſcarce warm with being,
Are left to range, a warning ſpectacle,
To ſhow mankind the bitter fruits of war.

SCENE XII.

ALVINZY, *with his ſword drawn, driving* COSSACS *before him, and reſtraining them from butchering the* TURKS.

Alv. Stop, ſtop the carnage; back ye murd'rous dogs,
Reproach of human kind. Has ſuff'ring valour,
That ſympathy extorts from noble minds,
No charms for you? This arm has taught you courage,
To quell the foe, and now ſhall teach you mercy;
Strange leſſon, to your natures! But, per force,
Ye ſhall be taught it. He that ſtrikes th' unarm'd,
The woman, or the child, ſhall inſtant fall.
Back, back, for ſhame. Have not ſix murd'rous hours,
Gorg'd you with death? Are not your weapons blunt,
Your arms with murder weary? 'Tis with toil,
Ye clamber o'er the riſing heaps of death,
To ſeek new ſubjects of your cruelty.
Go, cleanſe your horrid forms, repoſe, and bluſh.

Ell. Outrage and miſery paſt human thought!
Paſt human feeling! This do monarch's ſeek?
Is this the praiſe of kings, the bleſt event
For which the people, that profeſs a God,

Supremely good, can dare to ſeek the fane,
And aſk the pow'r of mercy? O ſuch pray'rs
Are blaſphemous, and guilty in extreme;—
To make our God accomplice in our crimes,
The merciful a butcher, and the juſt
The ſcourge of thoſe he made! What deſolation,
What agonizing ſcenes of woe and horror!
How nature ſhudders, and my ſoul recoils,
From what my hands have wrought! O cruelty,
Beyond belief, intolerable ſcene,
To ſight and to reflection! night, conceal;
Oblivion, cancel it; that humankind
May not be blotted with the foul aſperſion.

SCENE THE LAST.

Enter, SUWARROW.

Suwar. And this is martial fame, this ſcene of horrors.
The produce of my perils, toils, and wounds,
The ſubject of my wiſhes, hopes, and pray'rs,
If pray'rs I could have breath'd, but O what tongue
Dares ſeek a being, merciful and juſt,

Omnipotent and wiſe, with thoughts like mine?
O what is war? The cruelty of fools
To ſerve the craft of villains. Proud Potemkin
Will reap the fruits of all. For him I fought,
For him I bled. He reigns, I am forgotten.—
Oh happy people, that remov'd from war,
Employ the peaceful arts, and dwell ſecure
From competition dire, and guilty aims,
Of bold encroachment. Wealth ſpontaneous flows
Thro' all your ports; your monarchs are your fathers,
The guardian angels that protect their people,
Not the deſtroying angels, that conſume,
Not the fell butchers, that to ſlaughter lead;
Not theirs to lay the pride of commerce low,
To hear their ſtreets re-bellow with the cries
Of miſery and famine, or to mark
The dreadful march of national deſpair;
They chain the monſter war; no more to gorge,
His hateful appetite, with human victims.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

NOTE TO SCENE I.

WITHIN the town, beſides the uſual garriſon, the grand Vizer had placed thirteen thouſand of his beſt troops, all under the direction of European engineers, and the principal of them was ſaid to be an Engliſhman, this laſt gentleman is ſaid to have periſhed in the place. The reader ſees from this extract from the gazettes of the time, what foundation I have for introducing the characters of Lennox and La Fare.

IN the morning of the aſſault, general Suwarrow ordered every cannon and mortar in his batteries to play without intermiſſion, on the town; their thundering commenced at day-break; and under this horrid diſcharge of bombs, carcaſſes, &c. The Ruſſians marched up to the attack, the Turks defended themſelves with a gallantry ſcarce ever equalled. Eight different times were the Muſcovites repulſed with the ſlaughter of hundreds of their braveſt ſoldiers. At the ninth, general Suwarrow put himſelf at their head, and ſnatching the ſtandard out of an officer's hand, he ran with it directly towards the town, paſſed the trenches, and clambering up the walls, planted himſelf on the rampart. "there," cried he, "my fellow ſoldiers, behold there your ſtandard in the power of your "enemy, unleſs you will preſerve it, but, I know you are brave, and "will not ſuffer it to remain in their hands." This ſhort ſpeech had the deſired effect, they followed him by multitudes, and the moſt dreadful carnage took place, and continued for three days.

DURING theſe tranſactions on the land ſide, the Ruſſian gallies were ordered to make an attack on the part next the water. On board them ſeveral hundred of Coſſacs were ſtationed, who landed under the fire of the ſhipping, and after a ſtout reſiſtance, forced their way into the weakeſt part of the town, much about the ſame time that the Ruſſians were entering it at the other. Here, however, a moſt affecting ſcene took place.—About two hundred aad twenty ladies, belonging to ſome baſhaws, early in the attack, had endeavoured to eſcape by water. The fair part of my readers will ſympathiſe with me, when they hear of ſo many beautiful young women falling into the hands of Coſſacs, a ſet of

fellows ſerving without pay, and delighting in nothing ſo much as blood and plunder, and therefore juſtly reckoned the moſt ſavage troops in the world. The Seraſkier's body was found covered with wounds; twenty-four thouſand of the garriſon and inhabitants were killed, and near ten thouſand of the Ruſſians The cavalry belonging to the latter were obliged to diſmount in order to aſſiſt at the aſſault.

FINIS

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